GHOSTLY COLLOQUIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

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CADMUS—COLUMBUS.

[SCENE—CRYSTAL PALACE.]

Cad. Well, brother, here we are again, at the place from which we started; right under this beautiful dome, and vis-a-vis to your own statue. And now, my dear friend, do tell me; of all this world of wonders, what one object has most impressed you? or have you, like myself, been so dazzled and bewildered, that you cannot answer the question?

Col. Not at all; not at all. I reply at once, and emphatically, the submarine telegraph.

Cad. Ah?

Col. Yes; this last development of the great invention is, to me, the crowning triumph here. The more I think of it, of the labors that are in store for it, and of the momentous results to hu-

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manity involved in those labors, the more and more is my admiration excited.

Cad. A cunning contrivance, truly! And so you really think, brother, that this machine will do its work as promptly and faithfully, under the ocean, as on terra firma?

Col. I do.

Cad. And that there will be regular lines of wire, in successful operation, direct, between this metropolis and the sea-ports of Europe?

Col. I have no doubt of it whatever. The experiments already tried, the explanations and comments of the exhibitor, and my own reflections, all impel me to believe in the entire practicability of the scheme. A very few years, I have no doubt, will show to mortals at least half a dozen such lines as you describe, in profitable employment between the two continents. The example thus set will assuredly be followed in the Pacific, and Asia and America be similarly connected; and so the good work will go on, till, in time, the whole globe will be covered with a complete network of electric communication.

Cad. You really think so?

Col. I certainly do. I believe that all the islands of the Pacific, nay, of all seas, will be thus

bound together, and to the main land on either side of them, by this regular interchange of facts and ideas; in a word, that there will be as thorough a system of subaqueous intercourse by lightning, the world over, as we see already developed and developing, on land.

Cad. Let me understand you, brother. Do you really mean to say, that you believe that day will ever dawn on earth, when the merchant of Lima, for instance, will send a message to his correspondent at Jeddo, and receive a submarine answer that same morning?

Col. I do. What is there more strange in that, Cadmus, than that the guest at a New York hotel should, from the office thereof, despatch a similar missive to his kinsman at New Orleans, and get an answer before his breakfast is fairly cold? You smile incredulously, brother; but I repeat it, I see no limits, save those of the globe itself, to the labors, no end to the journeyings of this mysterious messenger; say rather, this divinely appointed agent in the great work of civilization. That it will do its part in that work, all over the earth, I cannot doubt; nor do I believe that many centuries will have elapsed, before these same wires will be found, not merely scaling the loftiest

mountains, and threading the most secluded valleys of every land, but forcing their way through the most inhospitable seas, delivering their messages on the shores of the remotest gulfs.

Cad. Why, brother, you grow enthusiastic. But are you not a little too sanguine in this matter? I can't agree with you, I confess; nor do I believe the world will ever be populous or prosperous, or enlightened enough, to furnish the means for any such magnificent consummation.

Col. Well, Cadmus, time will show which of us is right. I am not blind to the intrinsic difficulties of the undertaking, nor to the enormous expenditure of capital and labor implied in such a result; but, I repeat it, my friend, I believe that human ingenuity will solve the problem most satisfactorily, and that ere long, every maritime nation will have its regular oceanic telegraph companies, working as faithfully as those on shore, and in God's good season, rewarding their stockholders with the same copious dividends.

Cad. Never, never, never. Excuse me, Christopher, but you seem to me quite visionary on this subject.

Col. Well, I'm used to that epithet, Cadmus. Ever since I had an opinion of my own, it has

been flung at me; ay, and not merely by bigoted ecclesiastics, and sneering courtiers, but the very beggars in the streets were taught to annoy me with it; in more planets than one, too; and yet, brother, my visions have uniformly, up to this blessed hour, fallen far, far short of God's realities. I hardly expected the adjective, though, I must say, from such an illustrious old salt and brother-colonizer as yourself.

Cad. I retract it, with all my heart. At the same time, you are expecting quite too much from this same telegraph, depend upon it.

Col. Perhaps I am. Is it strange, though, Cadmus, that I should have been stirred up by it? When I think of the wonders it has already done in America, in the few brief years of its existence; what a necessary of life it has become, not merely to the merchant, the statesman, the editor, but to all callings and professions; how it gives alike the cue and impulse to all the other motive powers of society; how all the business of the land seems to beat time, as it were, to its music; what grand gatherings, whether of soldiers or of scholars, it can bring together, at a moment's warning, for action or consultation; what grand masses of statistics it can accumulate, in a moment of emergency, at any

great centre of trade, or of legislation ; when I see, too, what a bond of union it is to this great republic, what a strong arm to the magistrate, what a terror to the evil-doer ; when I see the added power and value its ministrations give to every bright thought, and wise suggestion ; how much more precious than ever before it makes a good name, and how it multiplies a thousand-fold the infamy of guilt ; when I see the murderer, or the defrauder hemmed in by these terrible wires, his guilty secret blazoned forth, in the twinkling of an eye, in every city of the land, staring him in the face in every spot where he vainly seeks a refuge from the finger of scorn ; when I think, in short, of the innumerable errands on which these mysterious agents are posting continually, and with the speed of thought all over the country, from the most important state paper, down to the humblest grief-or-joy-laden missive ;—is it strange, my dear Cadmus, when I think of all these things, that I should be filled with enthusiasm on this subject ; that I should in my zeal, anticipate, somewhat, the wonders which this mighty invention is yet destined to achieve ; or even look forward to others, not fairly, perhaps, within the scope of its powers ?

Cad. My dear fellow, you have abundantly vindicated your enthusiasm, certainly.

Col. But, Cadmus, I will not presume to paint the future of the telegraph. That it will find its way in time, by sea and land, all over the earth, I must again express my conviction ; and that it has a world-wide function to fulfil, not merely as a courier, but as a teacher, a peacemaker, a reformer. But the theme is too lofty and complicated a one to be discussed thus in casual conversation, and I will not pursue it. And now, brother of Thebes, let me put your own question to you, in return. Which, of this grand congregation of things useful and beautiful, from all lands, has pleased you most ?

Cad. Well, as I intimated before, I can hardly reply with the same promptness that you did. Let me see ; on the whole, and as being somewhat in my department, I think the Alphabet for the Blind gratified me about as much as any thing. You were struck with it, too, I noticed.

Col. I was, indeed ; quite charmed, both with the benevolence of the idea, and the ingenuity with which it was carried out. Those stories for blind children, especially pleased me. I couldn't help fancying how the poor young things must feel,

when spelling them out with their little fingers, for the first time.

Cad. I hardly need add, that the stationery, also, deeply interested me; such a wonderful improvement, in every way, on our Phœnician arrangements.

Col. No doubt.

Cad. Those gold pens, particularly, caught my eye. Such exquisite specimens of workmanship, and containing such a little world of conveniences in so narrow a compass; very different, Columbus, from the reeds I used to write my exercises with when a boy.

Col. Quills were not used, then, in your day?

Cad. They were not.

Col. While I think of it, Cadmus, is it true, as history and tradition say, that you were the first to present a set of letters to the Greeks? Were they indeed so benighted, as not to know the use of these articles before your arrival? I have sometimes thought, I confess, that the statement was a good deal exaggerated. How is it? Candidly now, is there not rather more fame to your credit, on father Time's books, than you are entitled to?

Cad. There is, there is. I certainly *did* find

quite a respectable alphabet in Greece, when I put in there. There were a few absentees, to be sure, and one or two letters sadly out of repair. The A B C of the whole matter, Christopher, is simply this: I made some few desirable additions to their stock, mended the shape of some of their numerals, overhauled their marks of punctuation, threw in a few abbreviations, and other little conveniences; but, above all, gave them a comparatively smooth, and flexible, and portable material to write upon, in the shape of palm-leaves; and likewise, a faint approach to a fluent and color-keeping ink, to dip their reeds in.

Col. Indeed, why these were most important improvements, brother.

Cad. Miserable trash, of course, compared with the magnificent specimens that we have seen here to-day. Still, it was a good deal better than having to plough one's way through wax, every time one accepted an invitation to dinner, or cutting out all one's sums on leather, or chiselling away on marble, every time a mortgage was to be executed. It certainly *did* facilitate business somewhat, and gave an impulse to our Bœotian literature, which it really needed at the time.

Col. I should think so.

Cad. At the heels of these improvements, I strove to introduce a current hand into Greece; but, Columbus, in spite of all my efforts, I never lived to see such a thing.

Col. Indeed?

Cad. Nothing worthy of the name. I ought not, perhaps, to have expected it, with such materials. So long as we crept over the leaf, all was well; but the moment we undertook to go fast, *Dio mio!* such splashing, and blotting, and spattering! Indeed, brother, I have seen no more striking illustration of the progress of society here below, than the contrast between the frightful performances of my pupils in this line, and those incredibly rapid and beautiful feats of penmanship, we witnessed here this very morning.

Col. Very handsomely done, certainly.

Cad. Another thing here struck me exceedingly.

Col. Ah, what was that?

Cad. I refer to that superb set of books in the salamander safe to which that wonderful lock was attached. I did not quite fathom the mystery of the lock, I confess, notwithstanding the copious, though somewhat rapid explanations of the patentee.

Col. Nor I.

Cad. But the books were magnificent. Oh, what binding!

Col. Exquisite workmanship, both safe and contents. You had no such conveniences, I believe, in Tyre or Sidon.

Cad. Nothing of the sort; nor any occasion, indeed, for day-book or ledger in my day.

Col. I supposed the credit system was but feebly developed in Phœnicia. Your palm-leaf circulation was very limited, was it not?

Cad. Our business, brother, was strictly for cash, and on a purely metallic basis.

Col. That was my impression. And yet the commerce of Tyre must have been enormous at one time.

Cad. Yes, indeed. The arrivals of gold dust there, were very large and frequent, even in my day. And, brother, had the idea ever occurred to them, they could have got up quite a respectable World's Fair, let me tell you.

Col. No doubt of it. I hardly know an ancient city, that I should have preferred seeing. What a gorgeous description that which our holy prophet gives of her! My favorite chapter, brother, when a boy.

Cad. I dare say. Well, well, poor town, she had her day; and a pretty gay one it was. Sidon, however, was the great entrepôt, when I flourished.

Col. True, true.

Cad. Ah, dear me! Do you know, Christopher, that it will be exactly thirty-three centuries to-morrow, since I left that port, on my first terrestrial voyage?

Col. God bless me! Thirty-three centuries? Whither were you bound?

Cad. To the Cassiterides. I was a mere chicken at the time, and like yourself, no doubt, crazy after the sea. In vain, however, did I teaze my royal parent for leave to embark. He would not listen to the proposition. So what must I do, but bribe the first mate to smuggle me aboard in a bale of goods.

Col. Ah; how large a vessel pray?

Cad. A caravel of about fifty tons.

Col. Indeed? the same size as my old Santa Maria. What was your cargo?

Cad. Well, cotton and woollen cloths, beads, trinkets, some little cutlery, but principally palm wine, which the inhabitants of those benighted islands dearly loved, and which, with the other articles, we were right willing to exchange for their

tin, at fancy prices. Ah, dear, what a tumultuous time we had of it! I needn't tell you how sick, terrified, and repentant the bad boy was: the old story, brother.

Col. But how long a passage had you?

Cad. Let me see. If I remember rightly, it was on the morning of the one hundred and seventy-seventh day out, that we first went ashore at Cornwall.

Col. Not very brilliant sailing that, Cadmus.

Cad. The Agenor was no clipper, certainly. However, we had a terrible north-easter to contend with, which blew nearly fifty days without intermission. We came very near anticipating your discoveries, at one time.

Col. I wish you had, with all my heart. But how did your father receive you, on your return?

Cad. He never forgave me for it, and, indeed, banished me for ever from his presence. He died two years after. I know the tradition now current on earth is, that he sent me and my brothers in search of a runaway sister, with orders never to return without her. There is not a syllable of truth in it.

Col. And how about that cannibal of a dragon,

that guarded the waters that were sacred to Mars? What are we to understand by that?

Cad. Poh, poh! That was merely a fanciful way of setting forth the difficulties, perils, diseases, bloodshed, that necessarily enter into every great scheme of colonization. Your own experience is ample on that point, surely.

Col. Yes, indeed! But the teeth, brother, the teeth: they tell us you sowed the teeth, and reaped soldiers.

Cad. Sowed teeth and reaped soldiers? That's a puzzle, I confess: most likely, some sneer at my alphabetical labors. But, Columbus, I must not weary you with any more of my old reminiscences.

Col. Not at all; I believe in overhauling these venerable fibs, occasionally. But, brother, what are you looking at so earnestly?

Cad. I ask your pardon. I was merely counting noses. Do you know, I have been very much surprised and grieved to find so few people here this morning? What does it mean? There are positively more statues than visitors in sight, this very moment.

Col. So it appears: however, that is all very satisfactorily accounted for.

Cad. How so?

Col. Well, you must know, that as we were making our tour of observation, and while you were bending so long and curiously over McCormick's reaper, I overheard a fragment of conversation between a couple of mortals here. One of them was a very pleasant, well-favored person; evidently, from his cheerful manner, one of the fortunate stockholders in the enterprise. Ah, said he, it is high time to close the concern. The Palace has done nobly, and taught its lessons most satisfactorily. We have had a perfect stream of visitors from all parts of the Union; but above all, the Upper Ten of the metropolis (what he meant by that last expression, I know not,) have been constant attendants here, and have given the building and its treasures a thorough and systematic examination. Our dear town will, no doubt, reap the benefit of their studies in ten thousand ways. Yes, we must bring our labors to an end, forthwith, and transfer this fairy structure and its wonders to the other side of the mountains.

Cad. Indeed? I am delighted to find that my fears were so utterly groundless. What city, I wonder, is to have the honor of receiving it?

Col. Well, he went on to say, that the Committee were beset night and day with offers, both

from individuals and associations, for the purchase of the building; that they would come to a decision this week, and that the company might, at all events, depend upon a very handsome profit.

Cad. Bravo for the nineteenth! It *would* have been a shame, indeed, had so charming a spot, so crowded with monuments of genius, been abandoned by the people. I only wish that I could remain here longer, to study and enjoy them; but I cannot. Yes, brother, this interview, so satisfactory, so delightful, must now be brought to a termination.

Col. I am right sorry, Cadmus. Must you indeed go, then?

Cad. I must. Do you make much of a stay on the planet yourself, brother?

Col. A very few days only. I shall leave for Genoa, to-morrow.

Cad. Ah?

Col. Yes, and after paying my vows there, and a flying visit to Pavia, I propose making a little tour in Spain. I need not tell you, Cadmus, how many points of interest there are to me in that land.

Cad. You'll be rapturously greeted there, brother.

Col. I shall keep incog. as much as possible. There are some descendants of dear old contemporaries, though, that I am quite anxious to visit, and see how they are coming on in the world; many at Barcelona, several at Saragossa. Then, of course, I must take a peep at little Palos; not forgetting my ecclesiastical brethren at the University of Salamanca. I can't help thinking my reception would be somewhat different there, now.

Cad. Rather troublous times in Spain, at present, they say. Her Majesty, too, I am told, is a very different person from the Isabella you knew.

Col. I am indeed grieved to hear such scandalous stories about her, and such unhappy accounts of the country.

Cad. They don't seem to have profited much by your discoveries, brother. Am I rightly informed, that out of the innumerable treasures they have received in past times, there is not enough left, even to pay interest with?

Col. Even so; wars and revolutions have devoured every penny of it, and Spain, that ought to be the ruling power on earth, this very moment is a bankrupt among the nations, alike in means and character. But a brighter day is dawning, depend upon it.

Cad. I hope so, indeed. It will be a good many summers, though, before Madrid has a Crystal Palace of her own. But, by Jove, Christopher, I must be off.

Col. By the way, I must not neglect my own engagements for the day.

Cad. Ah, what say your tablets?

Col. My next appointment is on board the Baltic.

Cad. Indeed?

Col. Yes, the Captain has sent me a most pressing invitation to take a look at his vessel. A nice little craft, they tell me; not equal to the Agenor, to be sure, either in speed or accommodations; still a —

Cad. Ah, you're rather hard on me, brother.

Col. And then I must run up to Sunny Side, to pay my respects to my biographer, who has put me, I am told, on a most delightful footing with posterity.

Cad. That's more than I can say for mine, confound him!

Col. Ah, what's this next item? Blunt, Blunt? Oh yes, yes; I promised brother Bowditch to look in there, and inspect some of his charts, and to report any recent improvements that

may have been made in terrestrial navigation. I must not fail to do so. What's this? Sailors' Snug Harbor?

Cad. Sailors' Snug Harbor? The grave you mean, I suppose.

Col. Oh no, no; a noble institution for the relief of disabled and veteran seamen. Had you nothing of the sort at Sidon?

Cad. Nothing worth speaking of.

Col. Here are one or two other little items, Cadmus, but of no special interest to you. This evening, though, I have a great treat before me.

Cad. What may that be?

Col. Grisi's Norma. A divine singer, brother. Your own Pindar might have been proud to have written librettos for her. But come, now, why can't you make a day of it, and then we'll start off, bright and early together in the morning.

Cad. I should dearly love to; more particularly, after what you have said about the opera. It is out of the question, though.

Col. Really?

Cad. Yes, I have positive and peremptory engagements in the sun. I wouldn't disappoint the committee for worlds.

Col. Some colonial business no doubt.

Cad. Not at all. We are to discuss the plans for the eastern façade of the new observatory. You have heard about it, of course.

Col. Oh yes ; there are a great many competitors, are there not ?

Cad. There are ; but, between ourselves, I have little doubt that Michael Angelo's design will be the one selected. Let me see, though. I don't like to leave the planet, I confess, without first taking a peep at the Baltic. I've heard so much of her performances, to say nothing of the comforts to be had on board.

Col. The smartest salt-water craft afloat, beyond all peradventure.

Cad. Besides, who knows but what steam may be an obsolete idea, before I happen to be looking in this way again ?

Col. Altogether likely, brother.

Cad. I *will* go, by George. After that, though, I must positively leave you.

Col. I'm sorry for it. Well, let's be off ; one moment, though, just to give these children a chance to get by. Bless me, how silent the youngsters are !

Cad. No wonder, brother ; those little tongues never *did* run.

Col. True, true, poor things! They look very cheerful, though, don't they? So well-dressed, too, and well-behaved. Ah, there they go, right up to my statue. Bless me, how the little fingers fly!

Cad. Yes, and they seem to know all about you. There's fame for you, brother!

Col. Really, Cadmus, this is most touching, most gratifying. But come, *andiamo, andiamo.*

Cad. Just one second.

Col. Holloa, whither away so fast?

Cad. Merely to add my mite to the monument fund; nothing more.

Col. True, true; how *could* I have neglected it? There, and never did I part with a pillared dollar more cheerfully. And now, for brother Comstock.

Cad. After you, brother. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE—PARTHENON.]

Gray. Thanks, brother, for these explanations, these glowing descriptions. You have indeed restored this holy hill to all its pristine splendor. But the theme is too painful a one for you, and I must not further task your kindness.

Soph. Not at all, not at all.

Gray. There *were* one or two points of interest, though, which you have not touched upon; and above all, the theatre. Am I right in supposing yon mass of rubbish just below us to the southeast, all that remains of the magnificent old Drury of Athens?

Soph. You are. On that very spot once stood our proscenium, and the stately buildings attached to it. Those semi-circular lines, of which you may here and there detect faint traces, tell you of the marble seats of our spectators. That clump of

bushes above them, where you see those goats browsing, occupies a part of the very terrace that once crowned our famous portico. Ah, dear, it seems but as yesterday, brother, that I was walking on it; now lost in pleasant fancies, now pausing to enjoy the superb picture at my feet, or leaning against its beautiful balustrade, and listening, I confess it, with eager delight, to the plaudits with which the brilliant throng beneath me were wont to welcome my verses. Of all places in Athens, to me the most attractive; fullest of stirring images and tender recollections. It was, moreover, a favorite resort of all our choicest citizens; it and the charming little garden alongside of it, with its fountains, and flower-crowned vases, and exquisite statues. Oh, the pleasant walks and chats that I have had there, with our princely Pericles, the charming stories that I have listened to from Anaxagoras, that merriest of philosophers! Aspasia, too, wisest, most bewitching of sirens, how often have her dainty feet glided over those tesselated pavements,—how often has that clear, ringing voice of hers, here poured forth Ionian melodies in the sweet summer moonlight! But forgive me, brother; here I am, as usual, lingering fondly over the memories of the past, and quite

neglecting your questions. You might have had a much more satisfactory cicerone, I must say.

Gray. Not so, brother; go on, go on. It is, indeed, a pleasure and a privilege to hear you talk; *here,* too, in the very spot where your most brilliant triumphs were won. And yet, *can* it be so? Is not this some wild dream? Am I, indeed, hovering over the ruins of the most sumptuous theatre of earth? What—yon vacant, shattered, desolate place, can it be that there the most refined and fastidious of people came thronging daily by thousands, to pass judgment on the masterworks of art? Do I, indeed, behold the spot where Prometheus sent up his wild defiance to the gods, where Cassandra poured forth her mingled prophecies and lamentations, where Electra clasped her long-lost brother to her heart, where Antigone chanted her plaintive farewell, where good king Œdipus rehearsed his sorrows, and where at last,

> "the pitying earth
> Opened her peaceful bosom to receive him?"

And is this Sophocles, the master-spirit, at whose bidding all these noble creatures started into life, and held thousands spellbound with their witcheries? Where are they all, those gazing crowds,

those myriad voices that were wont to hail thy presence with acclammations, those hands that were so eager to crown thy brows with laurels? *Is* nothing left of all these glories, then, save yon silent heap of ruins?

Soph. Even so; and we, poor fluttering ghosts, hovering over them, unrecognized, unnoticed; no other soul in sight even; in broad mid-day, too, and in the very heart of Athens! To this complexion has my beloved city come at last; this is the consummation of all the achievements of our Pericles, the teachings of our Socrates, the labors of our Phidias. Poor, plundered, ruined Athens! Throughout Greece, too, the same sad story; art, freedom, glory, gone, gone for ever; abandoned alike by the Muses and the Graces; our language mutilated, our literature perishing, our national character the saddest wreck of all! The land a mere plaything for foreign despots; lorded over by a stupid Bavarian, who has no soul, either for the beautiful or the true; the little good that *is* done or attempted here, in the way of education or improvement, not the work of our own citizens, but of missionaries from far distant shores.

Gray. A sad picture, brother, but quite too true a one, I fear.

Soph. Ay, and no prospect of any thing better, not a solitary ray of hope in the horizon. Yes, brother, the work of ruin must yet go on, even to its terrible consummation; this desolate scene around us must become yet more desolate; this proud temple, majestic even in ruin, must still be exposed to the invader and the plunderer, till not one stone is left upon another; this holy hill become at last the same wild naked thing it was, when our Cecrops first set foot upon it. But I must not dwell thus fondly, thus bitterly, on these sad themes. One thing, by the way, brother, gratified me just now, exceedingly.

Gray. Ah, what was that?

Soph. The enthusiastic way in which you referred to some of our old Greek plays. Had you been a contemporary of ours, you could hardly have expressed yourself more feelingly.

Gray. Would to heaven I *had* been! True, brother, I have ever been a dear lover of Greek poetry, and while in the body, eagerly devoured every morsel of it in the way of epic, elegy, drama, ode, or epigram, that I could lay my hands upon. You yourself were my favorite author, while on earth.

Soph. Indeed?

Gray. Yes, and to run away from the dull pedants and noisy students of our University, and betake myself to the woods, with your plays in my pocket, was, I assure you, one of my greatest comforts here below. Many a summer's morning have I spent, my friend, by the side of a murmuring brook that I wot of, reading your glorious verses to the accompaniment of its music.

Soph. Why, I am delighted to hear you say so.

Gray. There was but one thought, indeed, to qualify my enjoyment.

Soph. And what was that, brother?

Gray. I mean, that so very, very few of your tragedies have been spared to us.

Soph. Only seven; so, I think, brother Akenside told me. Pardon an author's vanity, when I inquire if my *Helen* is among the survivors?

Gray. Alas, no.

Soph. I'm sorry for that; my master-piece, brother, beyond all peradventure. And how with my *Theseus?*

Gray. We have it not.

Soph. Nor the *Penelope?*

Gray. Nor the Penelope.

Soph. Indeed, you surprise me; for though not an especial favorite of mine, it was altogether

the most popular of my plays. It created a great sensation in the building below us, I assure you.

Gray. No doubt.

Soph. Nay more, though it hardly becomes me to tell it, it was, on a certain occasion, actually performed in fifty different theatres of Greece on the same day.

Gray. Indeed ?

Soph. A compliment (so said brother Beaumont) without parallel in the history of the earthly drama.

Gray. But what was the occasion you speak of ?

Soph. The celebration of my eightieth birthday. This was the piece selected in my honor ; partly from its merits, but more, I believe, because of certain sentiments which I have put in the mouth of Penelope, and which are quite appropriate to such an anniversary. And is it possible that no fragment even of the favorite survives ?

Gray. Not an iambus, that I wot of. Well, well, brother, it is only one more instance of the caprice of time, the hollowness of fame. We *have* the Electra though, thank heaven, safe and sound, for ever ; and the Antigone, and the Ajax, and the Trachiniæ, and the Philoctetes, and above all, both parts of the divine Œdipus. The Tyrannus is the

most admired of the seven, I think, by our modern critics.

Soph. One of my best, certainly. There were not many vacant seats yonder, brother, when it was first brought out. It cost the treasury a pretty penny, I remember, and me a world of anxiety. Such scenery, such dresses had never before been seen in Athens. Never, through all eternity, shall I forget the shouts of enthusiastic delight, with which the opening scene was greeted. But what signifies it now to talk of these things? Ah dear, dear, dear!

Gray. By the way, Sophocles, is there any foundation for that little anecdote that has come down to us in connection with your Œdipus Coloneus?

Soph. What anecdote?

Gray. Why, they tell us that some of your children, displeased at your longevity, and eager to get possession of the handsome property which you had accumulated, summoned you before the judges, and tried to make you out a dotard; and that your only reply to the ungrateful wretches, was the recitation of those delicious verses in this play, wherein you chant the praises of this very town. Is it really so, brother, or not?

Soph. Too true, Gray, too true. How *could* you allude to such a painful topic?

Gray. Yes—but what a glorious victory over the rascals! To be brought home in triumph thus by the court, spectators, nay, the whole town!

Soph. It was the proudest, saddest day of my earthly life. Let me do my sons the justice to say, though, that they were heartily ashamed of their conduct, and from that moment were all respect and devotion, even to the closing scene.

Gray. Where were you living then, brother? Can you point out the spot from here?

Soph. Oh yes. Off to the north here; not a great way from the theatre. Do you see yon huge, unsightly mass of buildings, barracks and what not? They cover the very place. I had a most charming house there, with a perfect gem of a garden annexed to it; full of choice works of art, and among them a very famous dial of Phidias's own carving. Right opposite my porch was his glorious statue of Solon. A most delightful neighborhood in my day. You see, brother, to what base uses it has come at last. The idea that such homes as those were, should be supplanted by yon vile looking structures! Oh how rejoiced I am that Themistocles did not accompany me! What *would*

he have said at finding his beautiful mansion transformed into lodgings for the brutal soldiers of this stupid foreign king, this Otho, as they call him!

Gray. A most lamentable transformation, certainly. But, brother, though Time and Goth have dealt thus roughly with your mansion, surely they must have spared your monument. Where was it erected? I should dearly love to see it, I confess.

Soph. My monument?

Gray. Yes. You must have heard of it; that magnificent monument, with the swarm of bees engraved upon it, and the lines from Pindar, and—

Soph. True, true, I remember now. Euripides told me all about it. He did not say where it was placed, though; most likely in the Academy gardens; possibly in the Lyceum. But as to searching for it, my friend, it would be a mere waste of labor. Wherever it was, depend upon it, it went to ruin ages since, or, if time spared it, it was no doubt plundered or destroyed by these barbarians of the north. Ah no, there are no bees there now, brother, nor flowers, I fear, to invite them. Heaven knows! most likely a family of swine are grunting over the spot this very moment.

Gray. God forbid.

Soph. And why not after what we have already

seen to-day? Well, well, well, what matters it after all? Cheer up, my friend, cheer up. We are taking this matter altogether too much to heart. This is a sad, sad picture, certainly, but what is there new or strange about it? Is there a hill on earth, that hath not overlooked, or that will not, in its day, some dead city or other? Why should Athens be exempted from the common destiny? It would have gratified my ghostly pride, I confess, had I found a different scene here; had I found a gay crowd in yonder theatre, and our dear Goddess still standing on her pedestal, and her temple still perfect and untarnished, and all the evidences of undiminished power and prosperity around me. But must not the evil day have come at last, and time and death have done their dreary office? Yes, yes; such is nature's plan, such are the decrees of Heaven. So was it in the days of Deucalion, so must it be, to the latest Olympiad of earth.

Gray. True, brother, true.

"From age and death exempt, the Gods alone
Immortal and unchangeable remain,
Whilst all things else fall by the hand of Time,
The universal conqueror: earth laments
Her fertile powers exhausted; human strength
Is withered soon; ev'n faith and truth decay,

And from their ashes fraud and falsehood rise;
Nor friendship long from man to man endures,
Or realm to realm: to each, successive rise
Bitter and sweet, and happiness and woe."

You remember the passage, perhaps.

Soph. I do; well recited, and well translated.

Gray. The version is not mine, but brother Francklin's.

Soph. But, my dear friend, while you thus applaud and quote my tragedies, you abstain from all mention of your own. If I am not mistaken, you have written some admirable ones.

Gray. Not one, not one. You have been misinformed, I assure you.

Soph. Indeed? The author of the Elegy *ought* to have done something truly excellent in that way.

Gray. Ah, you have heard of the Elegy, then?

Soph. Heard of it? I know it by heart, and in at least twenty different languages. There are few poems in the Universe more popular. I am no flatterer, brother, but I assure you that the enjoyment I have derived from those lines, has been an abundant recompense for the trouble of learning English. How appropriate too, the sentiments to a scene like this! Quite as much so, certainly, as those of mine, you repeated just now.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Those questions, too, that you put in that other stanza, where could they be asked more pointedly, than here?

"Can storied urn, or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

Ah, I should have been right proud to have put those lines, brother, in any choral ode I ever composed.

Gray. Really, Sophocles, this approbation of yours is most grateful to me.

Soph. I wish, too, you could have seen the enthusiastic way in which Pindar recited another verse. I think it was the very last time I met him.

Gray. Dare I ask which?

Soph.

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

That stanza alone, he said, was enough to immortalize you. On the whole, however, he thought the poem, with all its beauties, rather an unequal one, and somewhat lacking in compactness. He preferred your Progress of Poesy, and above all, the Bard: not strange, brother, as it is far more in his style.

Gray. I think, myself, the Bard is altogether the best of my performances.

Soph. But, my friend, I wonder you never attempted any thing in the dramatic line.

Gray. Well, I *did* make several attempts at tragedy in the earlier part of my earthly career. Vanity tried hard to persuade me, too, of their merits; but, brother, when I came to confront them with your Antigone, or the Prometheus of your predecessor, the contrast was so painfully striking, I was fain to consign them to the flames forthwith.

Soph. Ah, you are too fastidious, brother, and always have been. 'Twas but the other day that Byron was talking to me about you. Had you read less, and written more, he said, it would have been far better for your countrymen.

Gray. 'Twas very kind in him, but I don't think so. On the contrary, I but added my mite,

to a treasury already full. There has never been any lack of good poetry in England. Next to you old Greeks, brother, we defy the world to match us, either in quality or abundance. Ay, and since my day, poets far, far more illustrious than I ever was, or will be.

Soph. Inter nos, Gray, what do you think of Byron's own tragedies?

Gray. The feeblest things he ever did.

Soph. His Semiramis is nearly finished, he tells me, and from a passage or two, which he repeated, I should say that it was a vast improvement upon his Sardanapalus.

Gray. I hope so.

Soph. Racine is at work upon the same subject, it seems. I shall be curious to compare their performances.

Gray. Racine will give us something very stately and elegant, no doubt. I am quite angry with myself at times, for not taking more interest in his plays. But what are you smiling about, brother?

Soph. I ask your pardon; but just at that moment, I was thinking of a reply of brother Wordsworth to a question I put him, the other day.

Gray. Ah, what was that?

Soph. Well, I was inquiring of him, who was at present the leading poet of England. Since my departure, said he, I think the claims of Alfred Tennyson to the vacant throne are, on the whole, the best founded. I then asked him if he could give me a few specimens of the Muse of his probable successor. Unfortunately, not a line of them lived in his memory. He *did* give me, however, by way of substitute, a very, very long, and I must confess, a very charming extract from his own Excursion.

Gray. Just like him.

Soph. But, brother, have *you* heard any thing about Tennyson?

Gray. I have. That most amiable of poets, the newly-arrived Talfourd, (by the way, have you seen him yet, Sophocles? You'll be charmed with his Ion, I'm sure,) had a great deal to say to me about him, and repeated a great many stanzas of his, with an enthusiasm, that was quite delightful.

Soph. Indeed! Can you recall any of them?

Gray. Let me see. Most of them, he said, were taken from a poem entitled *In Memoriam*, and commemorative of a dear friend, of rare genius, and who, in early manhood, exchanged earth

for heaven. He thus addresses the ship that brings home his friend's remains.

Fair ship that from the Italian shore
Sailest the placid ocean plains,
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er!

So draw him home to those that mourn,
In vain; a favorable speed
Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead
Through prosperous floods his holy urn!

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, through early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks!

Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love!

Soph. Charming, charming.

Gray. There is a fine description of a calm day, but I only remember two or three verses. Let's see—ah yes, yes—

Calm and still light on yon great plain,
That sweeps, with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main:

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

Soph. Bravo, bravo! That last verse is perfectly delicious.

Gray. What think you of this stanza?

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush;
Or underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March;

Soph. Very musical, certainly.

Gray. Or this other;

When summer's hourly-mellowing change
May breathe with many roses sweet
Upon the thousand waves of wheat,
That ripple round the lonely grange.

Soph. Better and better.

Gray. Ah dear, I can't recall them. There was an epithalamium, though, appended to the

poem, which brother T. recited most charmingly. I think I remember a verse or two.

Soph. Let's have them, my friend, let's have them.

Gray. This is what he says about the bride; the poet's own sister, by the way.

> But where is she, the bridal flower,
> That must be made a wife ere noon?
> She enters, glowing with the moon
> Of Eden on its bridal bower:
>
> On me she bends her blissful eyes,
> And then on thee; they meet thy look,
> And brighten like the star that shook
> Betwixt the palms of paradise.
>
> O, when her life was yet in bud,
> He too foretold the perfect rose.
> For thee she grew, for thee she grows
> For ever, and as fair as good.

Then follows a verse in praise of the bridegroom. Then we have the beautiful scene in the church;

> But now set out: the noon is near,
> And I must give away the bride;
> She fears not, or with thee beside
> And me behind her will not fear:

For I that danced her on my knee,
That watched her on her nurse's arm,
That shielded all her life from harm,
At last must part with her to thee;

Now waiting to be made a wife,
Her feet, my darling, on the dead;
Their pensive tablets round her head,
And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,
The "wilt thou" answered and again
The "wilt thou" asked, till out of twain
Her sweet "I will" has made ye one.

Soph. Exquisite, exquisite.

Gray. There are many other verses equally beautiful, but I've lost them, I fear.

Soph. My dear friend, I am exceedingly obliged to you. I don't know when I have been more charmed. Brother Herrick may beat that, if he can; and as for Tibullus, he may as well hang up his harp forthwith.

Gray. But, Sophocles, the shadows are lengthening. You mustn't forget our excursion to Marathon.

Soph. True, brother, true, and it is high time that we were off. Nor must you forget, in turn, your part of our agreement.

Gray. What, the pilgrimage to Stratford? No, indeed.

Soph. Of all spots on earth the one I most long to visit. Nay, should I ever dare look our great brother in the face again, were I to neglect such an opportunity?

Gray. We will not leave the planet, brother, till we have paid our vows at his tomb. There will be time enough for you to show me over the great battle-ground, and still be at Stratford long before sunset.

Soph. How is it about the moon, brother?

Gray. There will be a splendid moon to-night, and I confess there are some beautiful moonlight effects in several nooks and corners of dear old England, that I should like to show you. You would not object to hovering over Stoke-Pogeis, perhaps, and looking at a certain churchyard for a moment? There are some yews there, worth a poet's glance.

Soph. What, the churchyard that you have immortalized? I should love to see it of all things.

Gray. Then there's York-Minster and our charming lakes, and above all, Melrose. What say you?

Soph. Agreed, agreed; and now for Marathon.

[*Exeunt.*

SALVATOR ROSA—BYRON.

[SCENE—NIAGARA.]

Byr. Well, brother, we shall never regret this visit, I'm sure.

Sal. Regret it! I have not spent two such delightful and exciting days for ages.

Byr. I must plead guilty to a little fatigue, though; and am right glad to repose awhile under this pleasant portico. Heavens, what a lovely evening!

Sal. We shall have a superb lunar bow, by and by.

Byr. And now, Salvator, let's compare notes for a few moments. Do you know, this is the first time I have felt tranquil enough to analyze my sensations. You, too, brother, have been so absorbed in the wonders here, that I have not presumed to interrupt your reveries.

Sal. I have felt very little like talking, I must say.

Byr. But come now, do tell us; wherein hath this divine original differed from the image which your fancy had formed of it?

Sal. Well, Byron, to say truth, I had no very distinct image of it before me. Some casual remarks of brother Cole, my own recollections of Terni, and your own spirited description of that cataract, were all floating together, confusedly, in my mind, at the very moment when the falls first came in sight. On the whole, I should say, that I have found more of the beautiful, and less of the terrible here than I had anticipated. The banks of the river are neither so wild, nor lofty, as my imagination had painted them. Nay, for the first moment or two, I must confess to some little feeling of disappointment. I was not so awe-struck, so overwhelmed by the majesty of the scene, as I expected to be. 'Twas but for a moment, however. Every additional look, every new point of view from which we have gazed on the spectacle, has revealed so many charming effects of color and grouping, such varied and exquisitely graceful movements, to say nothing of the magnificent combinations of sound, that I am utterly without words to express my delight. But what say you, brother?

Byr. You have quite anticipated my own impressions; with this exception, however; the scenery in the immediate neighborhood of the falls, I have found far more wild and striking than I had looked for.

Sal. Ah!

Byr. Yes. I had been told, indeed, that the hand of improvement had been most irreverently employed here; that the greed of gain had abstracted greatly from the volume of the waters; that the sanctity of the forest had been violated; and that all sorts of uncouth structures defaced the most charming points of the picture. There certainly is some foundation for this last charge; but on the whole, I have been most agreeably surprised to find God's work so little desecrated.

Sal. Do you know that that has been the only painful feeling I have had during our visit here?

Byr. How's that?

Sal. I mean the apparent want of appreciation on the part of those to whose keeping this wonder of nature has been intrusted, both of its transcendent beauties, and of the glorious lessons it was placed here to teach; the utter want of taste, too, displayed in the character of the buildings around it. I do not refer so much to the hotels, curiosity-

shops and churches of the village (though none of them appeal agreeably to my eye), as to the structures more immediately connected with the cataract itself; the bridges, towers, staircases, pavilions, observatories and what not. More unsightly and unmeaning erections I never beheld; so far from contributing to the general effect of the picture, they are so many downright blemishes upon it.

Byr. Too true, that.

Sal. The names, too, that have been given to the prominent objects here, how vulgar, how inexpressive! *Goat Island*, forsooth! *Could* they find nothing better for such a paradise of a spot? *Table Rock!* How flat, how utterly unsuggestive of the matchless spectacle that it commands! *Horse-shoe Fall!* What a barren brain and dead fancy are implied in such a christening! *Terrapin Rocks*, too!

Byr. That *is* a poetical appellation, certainly.

Sal. Could any thing be worse, indeed, unless it were that eye-sore of a tower that they have erected upon them? Miserable object; in form, color, proportions, so entirely out of keeping with the scene! And this in the very heart of the picture, the very holy of holies! I have no patience with such outrages on propriety.

Byr. You are severe, brother, but quite too just, I fear.

Sal. And then, the shameful way in which, not merely the walls and benches, but the trees and rocks themselves have been disfigured; yes, scarcely a single tree have I seen on yon lovely island, that was not mutilated by the name or initials of some ignoble Jones or Smith.

Byr. Abominable, abominable.

Sal. Such an utter want of reverence and sensibility! And then the criticisms that I could not help overhearing! The idle epithets of gaping clowns; the affected raptures of fops and flirts; the nervous exclamations of nurses, encumbered with babies, and lap-dogs; (the idea of bringing poodles and babies to such a spot!) there was one wretch especially, whom I shall never forget, a long, lank, flinty-faced fellow, strutting about under a broad Panama hat, with a huge hickory stick in his hand, and a most remorseless tobacco-chewer, withal; the way in which he took up his station on Table Rock, and began to lay down the law on town-lots and water-privileges; the profane wish he expressed that the Niagara would, ere long, make itself as useful to the community as the Genesee (I think that was the

name) had already been; the cool atrocity with which he then proceeded to calculate the value of the cataract in horse-power; all this, brother, was to me so inexpressibly disgusting, that in my wrath, I could hardly refrain from hurling the sacrilegious villain into the gulf beneath us.

Byr. Ah, Salvator, you are the same sensitive, fastidious, irritable creature as ever, I see.

Sal. But was it not most scandalous? And to think, that these same ideas have been acted upon here; that Niagara has already begun to be a drudge in the service of mammon! To think that this holy spot is already profaned by saw-mills, and paper-mills, and sash-factories! Objects, just as impertinent and unbecoming here, as the stall of a coster-monger would be right under the baldacchino of St. Peters!

Byr. Even so.

Sal. Why are such things permitted? Why does not the government take this treasure into its own keeping? Why does it not give this priceless jewel an appropriate setting? A spot like this, that must, through all time, be the resort of the worshippers of the grand and beautiful, from all lands; an inexhaustible study for the poet, and the painter. Oh, what a field for the hand of taste and munificence!

Byr. The government hardly takes this view of the subject, I fear. Your proposition would scarcely be listened to, in either House of Congress; no, not though the memorial in its behalf were composed by brother Milton himself, and advocated by brother Clay. If I have not been misinformed, any, the slightest expenditure of the public treasures, on mere matters of Art, or Sentiment, is forthwith voted down at Washington, as wasteful, anti-democratic, and unconstitutional.

Sal. Well, I am more vexed than surprised, brother, to hear you say so. Precious economy, truly! Precious democracy, that would thus overlook the beauty, and the moral, nay, the absolute utility to the nation (in all the higher senses of that term), of a scene like this; this, the rarest page in God's great book! Not so would have reasoned or acted, the rulers of Egypt, nor the statesmen of Greece, nor the Conscript Fathers of Rome, nor even the Viceroys of my own unhappy Naples. They would not have tolerated such descerations here; they would not have abandoned such a spot to the cupidity of proprietors, or to the wanton outrages of Vandal visitors.

Byr. You are warm, brother.

Sal. I am indignant, I confess, to see a great

and powerful nation taking so little apparent pride or interest in such a gift from Heaven.

Byr. And you really think that these other governments of which you speak, would have valued it more highly, and adorned it more tastefully, and watched over it more reverently, than the good people of America ever will?

Sal. Well, perhaps I have expressed myself rather too strongly; I certainly intended no disrespect to our earthly friends here. I must be candid, however. What little they have done here, as I said before, seems to me, to have been done in wretched taste, and an unworthy spirit. Judging by the past, I cannot but foresee (so far, at least, as the hand of man can mar such a creation as this) a most unworthy future for our poor cataract; its waters turned aside from their glorious mission, to saw logs, forsooth, and cut nails, and grind corn; its banks defaced by unsightly mills, and workshops; its solitude disturbed by screaming engines, and clattering factories, precious substitutes for these delicious murmurs, these majestic harmonies; its islands shorn of their woods; its splendid robes of white and green, all rent and faded; the light of its jewels extinguished for ever; its rainbows all melted away; nought left indeed to

tell the tale of its glories, save a few scanty, murmuring brooklets, creeping forlorn over its desolate rocks. You smile, brother, I see, at the extravagance of the picture; and yet, just such a wreck as this would our poor Niagara become, if this accursed spirit of utility could work its will upon it.

Byr. A dismal consummation, certainly! Meanwhile, yon Rapids dance and sparkle in the moonlight, as if they had no faith in your prophecy. But, Salvator, you have not answered my question. Candidly, now, would this same treasure, as you call it, have fared any better in the keeping of those old nations you mentioned? Would they have put it to any loftier uses, or read in it any more profound lessons, than our Yankee brethren are likely to do? I doubt it, myself.

Sal. I do not. But, come, let's look into this matter a moment. These are very fanciful speculations, to be sure, and yet they may not be altogether profitless. Imagine, then, our Niagara, if you will, translated to old Egypt; no longer lifting up its voice in the wilderness, unheard through the long ages, save by wild men and beasts, but chanting its solemn music on the Nile, in the heart of that mighty nation, and in the days of the magnificent Sesostris. Can you doubt, brother, that

that music would have been more deeply enjoyed, more reverently listened to, than it now is? that this whole scene, with all its surroundings and associations, man's part in it as well as God's, would have been more grand, and beautiful, and suggestive of lofty thoughts, and adorned with appropriate images, than it ever can be here? Think of the palaces, the temples, the sacred groves, the rites, and pageants, that must have entered into the picture, under such a monarch, and such a priesthood. Can there be any doubt, Byron, which of the two scenes would have best repaid a traveller's pilgrimage, most kindled a poet's ardor? I speak, of course, brother, not as a Christian spirit, but as an artist, and searcher after the beautiful. Is it not so?

Byr. In that point of view, I agree with you, certainly.

Sal. Or remove our Niagara, if you will, to Greece; ay, within a day's journey of old Athens, and in the golden age of Pericles. Fancy this spot, if you can, populous with all those glorious divinities, frequented by those brilliant creatures, embellished by those divine artists. What exquisite temples, adorning all the prominent points of the picture! What graceful, statue-crowned bridges!

What groups assembled for prayer and sacrifice! What processions of beautiful youths, and white-robed maidens! Magnificent as this spectacle now is, brother, would it not have been far, far more so, when enlivened by objects, figures, costumes, associations, like these!

Byr. Oh that it had been so! Oh that Niagara had sung its glorious song, in old Greece, from the beginning! What a figure it would have made in human history, and literature! How charmingly Herodotus would have described it for us! How it would have resounded in the verse of Homer! How these Rapids would have gushed and sparkled in the divine odes of Pindar! Here Plato might have mused, and woven his stately sentences; from these waters might Socrates have drawn many a cunning metaphor, wherewith to instruct his versatile countrymen. Think of Sophocles, too, wandering in the lovely groves of yon island, meditating the sorrows of Electra, or chanting the sublime death-song of Œdipus; or of Pericles himself, forgetting the cares of state, in a delicious moonlight walk there, with his brilliant Aspasia. Ah dear, as you say, brother, there is no such company, I fear, no such future in store for our poor river-god.

Sal. Who knows, indeed, how far the faith, art, polity, destiny of Greece, might have been modified by such a presence among them? Would it not have been the central point of all their superstitions, the rallying point of their patriotism? Would not the Delphic oracle have been consulted in those very groves, and the Amphictyons have held their conferences, within hearing of this mighty monitor?

Byr. It would have been, unquestionably, the most sacred and memorable spot, in all ancient history.

Sal. Or fancy our cataract, thundering among the Alban hills, almost within sight of the Conscript Fathers.

Byr. Heavens, what a river the Tiber would then have been! What an impulse would have been given to Roman commerce! How many more, and more magnificent aqueducts they would have had, and fountains, a hundred to one! What docks, and bridges, too, putting Father Thames quite to the blush.

Sal. True, but we are not speaking now, brother, as economists and statesmen, but in our appropriate characters, as poets, and painters. In that point of view, what a glorious part Niagara would

have played in Roman annals! Knowing, as we do, the exquisite taste, with which they adorned Tivoli, can we imagine the splendid setting they would have given this jewel? Can we imagine the triumphal pomp, the gorgeous ceremonies that would, at times, have illuminated the picture?

Byr. Brilliant, most brilliant! Ah dear, how I should have loved to have been ciceroned through such a spot, by brother Tully! How I should have enjoyed brother Numa's surprise at the changes in it, since his time! What a perfect daguerreotype, by the way, brother Livy would have given us of it, in his pictured page, and what a magniloquent description, brother Curtius! Horace himself would have drawn fresh inspiration from such a neighborhood, and Virgil would have added another book to the Æneid, in its honor. Oh, what a place Hadrian would have made of it, with his grand conceptions, and inexhaustible purse! Yes, Salvator, you are right; so far as sentiment and art are concerned, Niagara might have fallen into worthier hands. And yet, I cannot bear to think so. I cannot but hope that the eyes of this nation will yet be opened, and that they will be led to take a more generous and poetical view of our Cataract, and that the Government

will interfere to rescue it from the ignominious doom, which you seem to anticipate.

Sal. God grant it! May no ray of its splendors ever be taken from it. May Art ever minister reverently here, unto Beauty! Above all, brother, may this mighty voice ever be heard in a land of Peace and Freedom! May no drop of civil blood ever stain these majestic waters, no din of battle ever be heard in this holy presence! Oh, may Niagara be set apart, through all time, as the chosen place of pilgrimage, alike of the lover and the student, the patriot and the philosopher!

Byr. Amen, Amen! But with your leave, Salvator, dropping our fancies of what this spot might have been, in other climes and ages, and our conjectures as to its future destiny, let us look at it, one little moment more, as we have seen it, this blessed day. And here, brother, I must say, I think your criticism was quite too sweeping a one, and that there *are* objects around us of man's making, by no means the eye-sores, you have represented them. The Suspension Bridge, for instance; I look upon that as a most graceful and appropriate image here.

Sal. So do I, so do I; most beautiful and suggestive. The buildings at either end of it, might

perhaps have been in a purer style of art; but the bridge itself is a perfect wonder.

Byr. Most felicitous, it seems to me, alike in conception, execution, and position. Here we have the great marvel of Nature, face to face with one of the grandest triumphs of genius over difficulty.

Sal. I am not insensible of its merits, I assure you; nor shall I soon forget the thrill of terror and delight with which I beheld that huge train of cars pass over it this morning; to say nothing of the noble career it has before it, both as an instrument of commerce, and a bond of union between two great nations. With that single exception, however, I must still protest against the so-called improvements here as unworthy of, and out of keeping with the genius of the place.

Byr. Well, well, after all said, brother, I look upon it as the most fascinating spot upon earth. I have seen a good deal of our terrestrial scenery in my little day.

Sal. (*Aside.*) Ay, and have described it most divinely.

Byr. The sublime solitudes of Switzerland, the august landscapes of renowned, romantic Spain, the wonders of Cintra, the delicious pictures of your own country, Greece, Albania, Asia Minor,

and the lovely isles that crown the Ægean deep; but of all the scenes that haunt the chambers of my memory, I find nothing on the whole, so charming as this same Goat Island. Do you not agree with me?

Sal. I do, indeed. My knowledge, at least of earthly landscapes, is limited compared with yours. We had neither the long purses, nor the facilities for travelling, in the seventeenth century, that you of the nineteenth, have been favored with. Switzerland might as well have been in another planet, so far as we poor Italians were concerned. I *did* study, however, pretty faithfully, the fair face of my unhappy Italy, from the wild fastnesses of the Abruzzi, to the amenities of the Val D'Arno; and I must confess, with you, that I have found nothing there, so bewitching as this very island; so full of piquant contrasts, so suggestive of pleasant fancies; no, nothing comparable to it, along the siren-haunted coasts of Campania, or the storied shores of Magna Græcia, or in Sicily itself.

Byr. So placid, too, so Arcadia-like, with its tinkling cow-bells, and singing birds, and yet set in such a frame of terrors! the very picture, as brother Wordsworth has it, "of central peace, subsisting at the heart of endless agitation!"

Sal. But, above all, the infinitely varied play of the waters around it! What an invaluable series of studies for the artist! Now quiet as a mill-pond; now gliding gently along, caressing the wild-flowers on their margin, or playing with the branches of the pines; now broken into innumerable ripples; now vexed into foam; now dashed back on themselves by the opposing rocks, and shattered into myriad diamonds; now more tranquil again, but hurrying with treacherous swiftness, to their fate; every step we take in the circuit, some new effect, some new combination of sounds, and of movements. And now the glorious Rapids appear; a gallant company, filling the vast stream with their tumult; how they rush, and leap, and sparkle, and toss the foam from their crests, and hasten along, as if to some great festival! Wilder and wilder grows the dance, more and more frenzied the music, till we at last behold the magnificent consummation. Ah, who shall describe that scene?

The roar of waters! from the headlong height
Niagara cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,

> And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
> Of their great agony, wrung out from this
> Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
> That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,
>
> And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
> Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
> With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
> Is an eternal April to the ground,
> Making it all one emerald:—

help me out, brother, help me out with this superb description of yours;

Byr. Bravo, bravo! admirably recited.

Sal. The only description I have seen, in any language, that begins to do justice to the divine original. Ah, I wish I could write such poetry. Who would believe, Byron, that you intended these glorious lines for the insignificant Terni, that mere leaf from this mighty volume? Here, here they belong, and with this spot shall they for ever after be identified, in my memory.

Byr. Really, Salvator, your criticism is most gratifying. Well, well, brother, charmed as we have been here, we must soon turn our backs upon these splendors. But, perhaps I may prevail upon you to stay one day more, and try your magical pencil on some of —

Sal. Impossible, my dear boy, impossible; I have engagements, in several stars, that I have neglected quite too long, already. I must positively leave earth, by cock-crow. Besides, I would not be guilty of such presumption. The idea of transferring these lights, this music, and motion, to canvas! Preposterous.

Byr. And yet, you seemed to admire greatly, that picture in the Ladies' Parlor here.

Sal. I was very much struck with it, I confess; a bold, free pencil, brother. The emerald sheet is admirably rendered, and the mist; the rocks, too, stand out grandly from the canvas. I forget the artist's name, by the way.

Byr. Cropsey, Cropsey.

Sal. Ah, yes, yes; a dashing fellow. He has a brilliant future before him, I doubt not. At the same time, I am sorry he selected such a subject; one quite beyond the reach of our, or any art. *You* have come the nearest to it, brother, as I said just now, in those vivid verses of yours; but how utterly inadequate are alike pen, pencil, lyre, to interpret aright this mighty presence!

Byr. True, true. I am right sorry, though, Salvator, that you cannot remain longer here, to worship with me. I shall certainly stay the week

out myself. *Are* your engagements really so pressing, and may I venture to inquire into their nature?

Sal. Certainly. In the first place, then, you must know that I am hard at work, illustrating some new stories, by brother Boccaccio.

Byr. Ah?

Sal. Yes; very different though, in their character, I need not tell you, from his terrestrial ones.

Byr. I should hope so.

Sal. While purged of all their grossness, they have to the full, as much humor, and are infinitely more brilliant in the descriptive passages: a labor of love, to me, I assure you. I am likewise busy on designs for brother Dante's new epic; I should say rather, his old epic, reconstructed on new principles, and in accordance with his enlarged experience, and loftier views of life.

Byr. Indeed? Do you know, he recited some passages from it to me, recently? I was quite taken off my feet by them.

Sal. A sublime work; as far before its earthly predecessor, as that is before all other Italian poems. To be candid, I rather shrunk from the task of illustrating it, and intimated that it was more in

brother Angelo's line; but the bard insisted, and I had to submit. In addition to these employments, I have a special engagement, a few hours hence, with brother Shakspeare.

Byr. Ah, what may that be?

Sal. You must know, that he has done me the honor to ask me to paint some scenery for a play, shortly to be produced at his charming little private theatre, at the Villa Augustina.

Byr. The deuce he has! What, a play of his own?

Sal. Yes, the last coinage of his godlike brain; a miracle of wit and fancy.

Byr. What does he call it? What is the story? I am all curiosity, brother.

Sal. Ah, that's a secret. Don't be uneasy, though. The last time I was there, he showed me a list of invited guests, who are to grace the opening night. A brilliant galaxy, I assure you. You are down among the first. You'll know all about it now, in a few days.

Byr. I am delighted to hear it.

Sal. But come, Byron, the moon is well up, and Iris, gentle goddess, is waiting for us.

Byr. True, true; we were sadly disappointed last night.

Sal. You must be pretty well refreshed by this time.

Byr. Perfectly so, my dear boy, and at your service.

Sal. Dunque, andiamo. [*Exeunt.*]

HORTENSIUS—BECKFORD.

[SCENE—ST. PETERS.]

Beck. Is it possible? Your first visit here, Hortensius?

Hor. My very first, I assure you.

Beck. You amaze me. Pray, what part of space have you been slumbering in, for the last twenty centuries, not to have been here before?

Hor. Slumbering, say you? A pretty question to ask of one of the busiest ghosts that ever occupied a body!

Beck. You needn't take me up so warmly, though. I meant no harm, my friend.

Hor. I am not angry, my dear fellow. It certainly *is* strange that a Roman ghost should have seen so little of his native city, since death. Such are the facts, nevertheless. The truth is, I have been so crowded with professional cares and duties, in other planets, that my poor birth-star has been

all but forgotten. Will you believe me, Beckford, when I tell you that, with the single exception of a recent flying visit to the Palatine (and a most unhappy one it was), this is my very first glimpse of dear mother earth, since my funeral.

Beck. You *must* be overrun with briefs, with a vengeance.

Hor. I am, indeed. There are clients waiting for me, in at least a hundred luminaries, this blessed minute.

Beck. Let them wait, confound them! Besides, it is your duty, my dear boy, to snatch a little relaxation, now and then, and not trifle thus shamefully with your spiritual health. Come, let's make a day of it. You'll find no pleasanter place than this, the universe over.

Hor. A charming spot, certainly. I am quite lost in admiration and delight.

Beck. And then, such a delicious temperature!

Hor. One criticism, however, I must make bold to pass upon it.

Beck. Ah, what may that be?

Hor. It is altogether too gay and brilliant for a place of worship; at least according to my old-fashioned Roman notions; and the more I gaze around me, the more impressed am I with this idea.

Yon golden roof, this airy dome above us, these dainty fields of marble, these festal lamps, these rich, fantastic columns, this resplendent altar, these glowing mosaics, these gorgeous monuments that greet the eye at every turn, these pilasters thronged with smiling cherubs, these entablatures populous with angels, charming, charming as they are, superb, glorious as is the effect of the whole, do nevertheless seem to me, most inappropriate surroundings for a house of prayer; nor can I, for the life of me, associate this magnificence with the tears of miserable sinners, the supplications of prostrate penitents. Am I not right?

Beck. You are; the idea of praying here, never entered my head. On the contrary, so refreshed, so exhilarated am I by this scene of beauty and sunshine, that I can hardly keep from dancing. And to tell you the honest truth, Hortensius, I positively caught myself humming an air from the Bayadere, just before we met.

Hor. Ah?

Beck. I did, indeed; and by the way, what a divine ball-room this would make, brother. I should dearly love to give one here.

Hor. Beckford, Beckford.

Beck. Yes; and if his Holiness would only give

me carte blanche, for the next six months, I would show you an entertainment, such as was never before witnessed by mortals.

Hor. Fie, fie, ghost; don't talk so extravagantly.

Beck. (*Not heeding him.*) Yes, I would assemble here all the loveliest creatures from the four corners of the earth; the choicest flowers and perfumes of all climes should shed their fragrance; the nave should fairly blaze with diamonds, while the gayest and richest of costumes should enliven the chapels. At intervals should be heard the gentle murmurs of scattered fountains, while myriads of lustres should diffuse a glorious light; and then for the music, Hortensius; such strains, such delicious combinations as you should listen to, now from yon airy heights above us, now from this dainty shrine at our feet; wouldn't it be charming, my friend?

Hor. I have no doubt you would make a right brilliant thing of it.

Beck. And then the banquet! Such a banquet! Talk of your entertainments at Laurentum, and at Tusculum! Or of Nero's doings at his Golden House! I would put Belshazzar himself to the blush! Such wines and viands, such heaps

of ruddy fruits, such groups of brilliant flowers, such treasures of gold and crystal and porcelain! Yes, every sparkling and costly device of art, in the way of bowl, or cup, or vase, or salver, should crown the board, from the chalices of Demetrius, to the chefs d'oeuvres of Benvenuto!

Hor. (*Aside.*) The same profane, voluptuous wretch as ever, I see.

Beck. What are you saying, Hortensius?

Hor. I was about to suggest, that you should first have the decency to veil all these saints and angels about us. You surely would not wound their eyes with any such abominations?

Beck. The suggestion is a good one, nor should I fail to act upon it. On second thoughts, however, perhaps an opera would be more appropriate here. Not the Barber, of course; that would never do; but something grand and classical; Belisario, for instance, or Quinto Fabio; or if you prefer it, the divine Don Giovanni, of my dear teacher, Mozart. Better still, perhaps, the superb Mosé. Yes, I think I could produce that grand march and chorus in the last act, with an effect not yet approached on the planet. You are familiar with the air, no doubt.

Hor. I beg your pardon. I do not remember

ever to have heard a single bar of any of the works to which you refer.

Beck. What, not even the Fabio?

Hor. If you mean my illustrious compatriot, I am certainly no stranger to his many virtues and achievements, nor to the spirited verses in his honor, by brother Pacuvius; but that he ever figured in opera, is news to me. What are you grinning at?

Beck. Oh, nothing. But come, Hortensius, what say you to a Greek tragedy? Methinks I could carve a most charming theatre out of this same temple. A few touches would readily convert yon high altar into that of Bacchus, and these dainty fields around it, as you called them just now, would give ample room for the mystic dance of the chorus. In this sumptuous tribune would we erect our seats, and the vast nave itself should be devoted to our scenery and decorations. Oh, how I could bring out the Prometheus here, or the Œdipus; with a world of devices, too, unknown to Athenian art; with a splendor of effect, that would thrill Æschylus himself with delight, could he behold it.

Hor. But why seek thus to profane the holy place? Enough of this romantic nonsense. And

Beckford, while I think of it, how the deuce came you to recognize me so promptly ?

Beck. I should have been very stupid, *not* to have recognized you. Why, it is hardly an hour, Hortensius, since I was looking at your bust at the Capitol. I never saw a more perfect likeness.

Hor. Indeed ?

Beck. Yes, its features caught my eye at once, though surrounded by a swarm of Cæsars and Sages ; quite the gem of the gallery, I assure you. But let me ask in return, how the deuce did you, Hortensius, become so familiar with my antecedents ?

Hor. Oh, I have heard of you, through a variety of sources, both your own country-ghosts, and mine. Byron has told me a good deal about you, among others. A great admirer of yours, though, *inter nos,* he didn't seem to think the admiration was returned.

Beck. A clever versifier, certainly ; and a most adroit plagiarist, withal.

Hor. Sallust too, spoke of you, quite freely, the other day.

Beck. No doubt, no doubt, hang him ! Of all the ghosts I have run against, since death, the most searching and severe. What *did* he say, though ?

Hor. You'll not be offended?

Beck. Not at all.

Hor. Well, he certainly gave you credit for great talents and accomplishments, but described you as a most dainty, fastidious, capricious, self-willed creature, and much given to self-indulgence. A rare humorist, he added, and a great master of sarcasm, which you were quite too fond of displaying, at the expense of those about you; with a marvellous eye for the beautiful, a nose of singular susceptibility, and an ear that eagerly devoured all sweet sounds, while it suffered a corresponding martyrdom from their opposites; in short, one of the most delicately organized beings he had ever met with. He described you, moreover, as a very unsocial person; though your solitude, he added, was very far from that of the anchorite. He admired your singing and playing vastly, and your passionate, vivid descriptions of pictures and scenery, and likewise your keen analysis of terrestrial foibles and vices. He seemed to think the philanthropic element had been but feebly developed in you; and that, even now, you would be far more likely to go into raptures over some new-found flower, or melody, or beautiful effect in nature, than over any scheme, however grand or wise, for the improvement of your fellow-ghosts.

Beck. A most amiable character, truly!

Hor. I don't pretend to give his exact words; still less, my friend, do I presume to endorse the criticism. You asked, and I have answered.

Beck. Ah, there's quite too much truth in it, Hortensius.

Hor. Lucullus, on the contrary, who was present at the time, spoke of you in a more genial and pleasant way.

Beck. The prince of good fellows, the king of dinner-givers! I long to be better acquainted with him.

Hor. Mæcenas, too, is another of your admirers.

Beck. I am happy to hear it. I have not met him in the spirit; and only once, indeed, in the body. That was a good while ago, too.

Hor. Whereabouts, pray?

Beck. At the Grande Chartreuse.

Hor. Where may that be?

Beck. Why, is it possible you have never heard of that famous old convent, perched amongst the mountains of Savoy? There isn't a wilder, more striking place on the planet. Ah dear, I shall never forget the occasion. It was one of the most charming moonlight nights of Summer I ever be-

held, and our interview was on the brow of one of those pine-clad hills, that cast their shadows on the turrets of the venerable pile. A long and delightful colloquy we had; Rome and her past glories the theme. Some of the sentiments, to be sure, were not altogether such as San Bruno would have approved, had he been hovering by. M. talked admirably, and with great animation. Our conversation, protracted till long after midnight, was at length interrupted by the approach of two lay-brothers, who came puffing and panting up the hill after me, in great distress, having been despatched by the worthy fathers below, who had become quite alarmed at my long absence. More than half a century has now elapsed, and I have not laid eyes on the dear ghost since.

Hor. But, to change the subject, Beckford, I confess I should like to know somewhat more of the illustrious person, in whose honor all this magnificent display around us has been made, and for whose remains so sumptuous a resting-place has been prepared.

Beck. (*Aside.*) Very different lodgings, certainly, from any he ever occupied before death.

Hor. That he is somewhat connected with a church, that has signally triumphed over the one I

belonged to while in the body, I am aware; but what was the nature of that connection, and what were the signal services which he must have rendered his brethren, that they have remembered him thus handsomely?

Beck. Pardon me, Hortensius, but I must again express my surprise that you are not more familiar with this subject.

Hor. Too true, my friend; and I must again plead in reply, my exceeding devotion to professional duties, ever since leaving the planet. I am ashamed to say, that I have quite lost the run both of its creeds and of its politics. But you do not answer my questions. Pray, what countryman was this same deified Peter, and how long is it since his apotheosis? State, if you please, his birth-place, his lineage, his profession. You smile.

Beck. Profession! He was a fisherman.

Hor. Come, come, none of your fun.

Beck. I repeat it; as poor, illiterate, hard-working, sun-burnt a fisherman, as ever dragged his nets in all Judæa.

Hor. You mean to say, then, that this glorious cathedral was reared in honor of a miserable Jew, and a fisherman? However, I would not speak

disrespectfully of his calling, for it was one I was always partial to.

Beck. So I have heard.

Hor. But go on, go on. Unriddle this mystery, if you please.

Beck. There is no mystery in the matter, my friend. But you have never looked into a Bible, of course. He and his brother were in the very act of casting their net into the sea of Galilee, as the Founder of the new faith was passing by. He straightway summoned them to follow him. They did so, were faithful disciples during his life, and when the Master departed, his spirit descended upon them; and so they became inspired teachers, workers of miracles, then martyrs, and finally, the blessed saints of that religion, before whose triumphant progress, those false gods that the men of your day worshipped, have long since bit the dust. Yes, on this very spot, where we now stand, and on which Art has lavished all its splendors in commemoration of the event (so runs the tradition), did your cruel, besotted countrymen put to death the holy apostle, with every circumstance of scorn and ignominy. But the day would be quite spent, Hortensius, were I to undertake to give you all the particulars of his wonderful history. So, if

you please, we will postpone it to some more convenient season. And to be candid with you, my friend, I would rather you should hear it from a ghost, who would be more likely to do it justice.

Hor. A marvellous story, indeed. Pray, how long ago was this? Murdered in this very spot, say you? Do tell us all about it. You have quite piqued my ghostly curiosity, I assure you.

Beck. No, no; I am not in the vein. Let's change the subject. By the way, Hortensius, speaking of fishermen, I wonder what our famous saint would have said to your ponds, and the frightful sums you spent upon them. He conducted his fishing on very different principles, eh, my boy?

Hor. What do you mean? Explain yourself.

Beck. Why, I merely mean to say this; that what was the costly whim of your leisure hours, was to him the source of a hardly earned and precarious subsistence. Nor do I believe, indeed, that he ever accumulated, in the whole course of his earthly pilgrimage, as many sesterces, as you have often squandered on a pet eel, or overgrown turbot.

Hor. I *was* an extravagant dog in that respect, I confess.

Beck. Still less, Hortensius, did he ever shed tears over dying lampreys.

Hor. How?

Beck. Or pen plaintive epitaphs in honor of departed mullets.

Hor. Who told you that, I wonder?

Beck. Or, worst of all, serve up slaves' flesh to his scaly darlings.

Hor. What, in Pluto's name, do you mean by that last remark?

Beck. Ah, you deny the charge, do you? I am right glad to hear it.

Hor. I do, most distinctly. That I had a foolish passion for fish-ponds, like some other of my rich countrymen, I admit; and that a large portion of my fees was absorbed thereby; but as to ever being guilty of any such inhumanity as you would insinuate, I pronounce the charge a vile fabrication. Pray, who were your informants?

Beck. Varro, and the elder Pliny.

Hor. Ah, I can readily understand Varro's malice. I lost a cause for him once in the Forum, and he has never forgiven me for it, since. As to Pliny, he be hanged, for a stupid old bore and coxcomb!

Beck. Do you think so? Why, he struck me as one of the most chatty, entertaining ghosts I ever encountered; a little Munchausenish, to be

sure, but vastly fluent and pleasant. He had a world of piquant things to say about you, Hortensius, and your famous house on the Palatine, and its cellars, and its picture-galleries, and your superb villa at Tusculum, and especially, of that favorite plane-tree, whose roots you used to pamper with Falernian. But that last is, of course, another of the old naturalist's fibs.

Hor. No, no; I plead guilty to the plane-tree.

Beck. Why, what an extravagant whim!

Hor. Ah, had you seen the darling, Beckford, you would have forgiven my fondness. What a magnificent specimen, to be sure! Such a girth, such a shadow as it cast! I have seen nothing like it in any planet, since. And then, the pleasant pic-nics we used to have under it, and the music in the summer evenings! To say nothing, my friend, of the delightful talks with Curio and Cicero, and other neighbors, and a whole host of agreeable guests from town. Is it strange that I should have —

Beck. Say no more; your enthusiam is perfectly justifiable. Ah dear, I wish I had lived in those days. I should have relished a dinner at your villa, amazingly; and then, to have had a nap after it, under that same tree. Wouldn't it have been de-

licious? Such dreams as I should have had, such visions of Picus and his Pomona, of Apollo and Daphne, of Circe and her Syrens, and the flowery-kirtled Naiades,

> "Of Hesperus and his daughters three,
> That sing about the golden tree."

Hor. (*Aside.*) What the deuce is he talking about? He is, by all odds, the most eccentric ghost I ever stumbled over.

Beck. Ah, Hortensius, all our modern attempts at luxury, what are they, compared with the entertainments of you classical boys!

Hor. And yet, I have heard great things of your Fonthill Abbey, and the doings there.

Beck. Poh, poh! mere child's play, alongside of Laurentum. I had some few oriental knick-knacks there, to be sure, worth looking at, and a few tolerable Flemish pictures; but don't speak of it in the same breath, I beseech you, with your galleries, and parks, and gardens. By the way, are you keeping as extensive a menagerie now, as you used to? And does your trumpeter summon the beasts to their meals with the same orphic blasts as of yore? That must have been a great sight, Hortensius. But what are you staring at so?

Hor. At yonder picture. Pray, who is the artist?

Beck. What, yon mosaic to the right? That's Guido's Michael; and in my opinion, his *capo d'opera.*

Hor. Charming, indeed! It reminds me somewhat of an Apelles I once owned; only larger, and more striking. What a magnificent creature! Such splendid armor, too! But don't he look a little too serene and nonchalant, considering what a terrible combat he has just come out of, with that scowling monster beneath him? May not the artist have sacrificed truth to beauty here, somewhat?

Beck. I agree with you. The idea has often occurred to me, while looking at his works, delightful as they are; more especially in his treatment of St. Sebastian. 'Twas but yesterday, that I was looking at a picture of his, on that subject, wherein the youthful martyr, though pierced by at least fifty arrows, looks as ruddy and smiling, as if he were just about to sit down to a pleasant repast of strawberries and cream.

Hor. Indeed! But what superb picture is that, next to it?

Beck. Ah, that's a famous Guercino; full of noble figures.

Hor. It is so; but holloa, what an exquisite pair of verd-antique columns that is! Is it possible, too, one single piece? I am amazed.

Beck. Beauties, are they not? They did duty once in a pagan palace, if I remember rightly, and were afterwards presented to his Holiness, by some pious prince in the neighborhood.

Hor. Princely gifts, truly. Ah, Beckford, there seems to be no end to the treasures or splendors here.

Beck. Rich as a bride-cake, isn't it?

Hor. And to think, that I am old enough to remember when this same hill was the very vilest, filthiest place in all Rome!

Beck. Ah! Do tell us.

Hor. Yes, only one shabby house on it, with a sorry vineyard annexed; the grapes not worth a schoolboy's stealing; while the rest of it was pretty much occupied by dead dogs and broken crockery.

Beck. Pleasant tenants, certainly. Well, well, I suppose it will come to that, again, one of these days.

Hor. Heaven forbid!

Beck. And why not, pray? What's to prevent it? I have no more doubt, myself, that des-

olation will again overtake it, and that this same pompous pile will, in God's good time, become an ivy-mantled ruin, than I have that the Colosseum is one to-day. How can I help thinking so, or you either, after what you have seen on the Palatine?

Hor. I dare say you are right, my friend. And yet, 'tis sad to think that this magnificent dome must come toppling down, and all these placid saints and lovely angels be crushed beneath the ruins.

Beck. They *will* be, depend upon it, and will lie there, buried for ages; and travellers from far lands will come, and dig them out again, and pore over their shattered features, and puzzle over the mysterious inscriptions scattered about them. And why not? I confess, the thought is an agreeable one to me; and I enjoy the precious marbles, and exquisite bas-reliefs of these sumptuous monuments all the more, because I feel that the sleep will yet be nibbling the herbage around them.

Hor. Well, there's something in that, certainly. But, brother B., I begin to be a little weary of all this splendor. Suppose we fly out, and taste the air awhile. What say you to a flying trip to

Tusculum? Perhaps we may not find things quite so desolate there, as at the Palatine. I should like to take a look at my little property in that neighborhood, I confess.

Beck. You'll hardly be able to identify it, I reckon.

Hor. Don't you believe it. The villa, of course, and the plane-tree, were dust, ages ago; but I may find an old acquaintance or two, in my olive-yards.

Beck. You're joking, surely.

Hor. Not at all. I have known olive-trees to yield plentifully, after having seen two thousand summers. I may find my initials on some of them yet. Come, let's be off.

Beck. Certainly. I should like to stop a moment, though, as we go, on the Pincian. I have a message to deliver to a Portuguese friend there.

Hor. As you will.

Beck. And after our excursion, we will return here in the evening.

Hor. What for?

Beck. Why, to see the illumination, of course. A most charming sight, I assure you. After which, if you say so, we'll have another little dish

of chat, at the Fountain of Trevi. How do you like the programme?

Hor. It suits me exactly. But it is high time we were on the wing.

Beck. I attend you. [*Exeunt.*

JASON—RALEIGH.

[SCENE—CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE, A. D. 2000.]

Ral. Ah, my dear friend, I am delighted to meet you. The very moment I saw your name upon the register, I flew to pay my respects. How have you been, these ages past, and what brings you hither?

Jas. Never better, my dear fellow, never better; only a little wing-weary. As to your other inquiry, Walter, it is very readily answered. You must know, then, that I was sauntering through space, without any special object in view (and, indeed, I greatly needed some recreation, after my recent arduous labors), when I most unexpectedly found myself in the neighborhood of our dear old homestead of an earth. Gratified as I was, I still hardly think I should have alighted at present (though it is full a century since my last visit), had I not been completely fascinated by the magnificence of the picture beneath me; so much so,

that I insensibly drew nearer and nearer, till, at last, this superb hotel was revealed to me, in all its stately proportions, and majestic surroundings. My heart was won, at once, and I determined to come down immediately, book myself, try the cuisine, and enjoy the scenery, for a day or two. Little thought I, Walter, that the very first person to greet me here, would have been your gallant self. And now let me retort your own question upon you. What may your errand here be?

Ral. A mere pleasure jaunt, brother. You must know that I am very fond of coming back to earth. Hardly a lustrum rolls by, indeed, without my dropping down, either on Old or New England. America, you are aware, was always a favorite spot with me. Even when a mortal, it stood uppermost in my affections. My highest ambition, my dearest hopes, were ever identified with it; and, as an immortal, I need not tell you, that I hold it dearer than ever, and watch its progress with the liveliest interest.

Jas. I think I remember hearing you speak on this subject before. Brother Drake, too, has had a good deal to tell me, at one time and another, about American colonization; a great hobby of his; an enthusiastic admirer of yours, by the way.

Ral. I reciprocate it, most cordially. A glorious old ghost he is.

Jas. But pray how long have you been here?

Ral. Oh, several days. I am quite familiar both with the scenery and the company. We are the only two ghosts on the books, probably; but as to mortals, you will find them from every corner of the planet; some most charming ones, and some very eccentric specimens. So, come, brother, if you are really disposed to try pot-luck with us, I shall be most proud to be your Cicerone.

Jas. Bravo, bravo; what a lucky fellow I am!

Ral. But, Jason, you were speaking of the hard work that you have been doing lately. May I inquire into its nature?

Jas. Certainly. You must know, then, that we have been on a grand Celestial Exploring Expedition, for some time past; the command of which was intrusted to your humble servant.

Ral. Ah!

Jas. Yes, and a busy time we have had of it, I assure you. What with hunting up lost stars, finding and christening new ones, studying Floras and Faunas, making mineralogical collections, picking up stray meteors, putting comets to rights, testing chronometers, calculating parallaxes, and

an infinity of astronomical observations besides, we have had our hands full.

Ral. I should think so. Well, you have been bounteously rewarded, no doubt, for your trouble, and the glorious cause of science benefited. Really, my dear Argonaut, you quite pique my ghostly curiosity.. Pray, in what part of the heavens have you been so busy? From what star did you sail? How many vessels had you in your sky-fleet, and have they all returned in safety?

Jas. Don't ask me now, brother. It would take a good long summer's day, to give you the merest outline of our doings. Besides, the whole history of the expedition is already in the hands of the printers, and will be published shortly, in all the leading planets. You may depend on my sending you an early copy.

Ral. Thanks, thanks. I shall be right eager to get hold of it.

Jas. But heavens and earth, what a magnificent panorama! We have seen nothing finer than this, in our whole cruise, let me tell you. After all, there is nothing like our dear little native planet; eh, Raleigh? The jewel of the system! Saturn, to be sure, makes rather a prettier show, in the evening; but by blessed day-light, what is

there to compare to us, in the way of tints or shades, fruits, flowers, or foliage? As to Jupiter, name, if you can, a solitary landscape on its vast surface, to be compared with the view from this rock.

Ral. You're quite right, brother.

Jas. One hardly knows how to express one's admiration, or where to begin to study these delicious details.

> "A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
> Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine."

What superb towns! What cozy villages! What shining fields! What flocks and herds! What a majestic river! What a stately procession of vessels! Is it not glorious?

Ral. It is, indeed.

Jas. But holloa, holloa! These Hesperides are not without their dragons, I see. What horrible monster is that, rattling up the hill here, and spitting fire and vapor at such a fearful rate? Heavens, what a tail he carries! And, by Jove, there goes another, dashing by him with the same fury!

Ral. Why, brother, you seem agitated. That's merely the locomotive, bringing up the passengers

from the boat. There's a regular hourly train, each way.

Jas. Oh, true, true. What an old fool I was, to be sure! Do you know, Walter, my wits were actually wandering for a moment, and I fancied myself back at Colchis, and that these were the flame-breathing bulls of old king Æetes!

Ral. Ha, ha, ha! That *is* a good one. A long while ago, Jason, since you ploughed with those cattle. By the way, I *have* heard it suggested, more than once, by some of the philosophical skeptics here below, fellows who are always putting into prose the choicest poetry of existence, that these same fire-spitting bulls and dragons of yours were, after all, only other names for steam engines.

Jas. Pshaw! But come, Walter, don't let's waste our time on mythology, in a place like this. Ah, here come the cars. Bless me, what a crowd of passengers!

Ral. On the contrary, brother, it is altogether the lightest load I have seen here; hardly a thousand, all told; a mere joke for such an engine as that.

Jas. Exquisite workmanship, by Jove! What's that name on it?

Ral. Daniel Webster. A famous old locomotive it is, too. It has been running more than forty years on this road, they tell me, without an accident, or the loss of a single trip. Here it is, you see, as usual, punctual to the very second. Besides the cars, they have a line of Aerial Packets also, connecting with the Steamers; most commodious, well-regulated vehicles, you'll find them. The railroad seems to be preferred, however; especially by the more aged and conservative portion of the guests. 'Twas but yesterday, by the way, that I was discussing this very point at dinner, with an old lady here. She would not be persuaded, however. She had no faith whatever, she said, in these new-fangled air-craft, nor would ever let a child of hers set foot in one. Terra firma was good enough for her, and two miles a minute *ought* to satisfy any reasonable mortal. Perhaps she's right.

Jas. Two miles a minute? That we should have called pretty fast travelling, in Thessaly.

Ral. But come, Jason, we shall have abundant opportunities of studying out this wonderful picture beneath us. I want to show you some of the appointments of this princely establishment. You have not seen it yet, I am sure.

Jas. Oh no; in fact, I had but just entered

my name when you hove in sight. Its exterior promises wonders, certainly. Minerva mia, what a colonnade!

Ral. It is greatly admired here, I find. Those pillars, you will perceive, are all of a single piece, and the capitals will bear the most critical inspection.

Jas Charming, charming! And who are all those stately creatures in marble, that crown the balustrade?

Ral. The Conscript Fathers of the republic. Well placed, are they not, thus looking down benignantly on this glorious result of their labors? You'll find the execution worthy of the conception. But here we are, at the grand eastern entrance. Come, let's look in at the ladies' Drawing-Room. The guests are very much scattered at this time of day, of course; but you will find a brilliant assemblage here in the evening.

Jas. What a superb apartment! How tastefully furnished, too! Let me see; one, two, three —why, there are no less than eight grand pianos in sight.

Ral. True, and there are some splendid performers on them here, let me tell you: what with

their music, and that of the noble band attached to the hotel, we are most bountifully supplied.

Jas. But, brother, these frescoes seem to me admirably done. What subjects do they illustrate?

Ral. American, exclusively. The most remarkable of the series, is this to our right, which commemorates the life and labors of the illustrious Cole, the Salvator of the 19th century, as they call him here. I have been looking over his biography since my arrival; having been referred to it by the friend who explained to me this same series. A charming old book it is, too; full of intelligent enthusiasm. From what I read in it, I could not help thinking that the artist was a far greater than Salvator.

Jas. Indeed!

Ral. Ay, or than Claude; a far purer, loftier, more comprehensive mind than either; that he read far deeper lessons in the pages of nature, and in the heart of man; lessons of Faith and Love, not to be found in the pictures of the one, with all their dream-like splendors, or in the more romantic and passion-informed scenes of the other. I confess, I am most curious to see his works, and the manner in which he has transferred to canvas

his sublime conceptions, as they are recorded by his biographer.

Jas. Where *are* his pictures?

Ral. Almost all in America. They are not very numerous, I am told, and are widely scattered; though valued far before those of any American artist of that day. Some of the finest, it seems, are in the great metropolis.

Jas. Are there none here?

Ral. Only two, which I will show you in the library. One is very small, but well preserved; a scene in Sicily, and a perfect little gem. The other is a picture of this very spot, and of the original hotel here. A very primitive-looking place, then, brother. Of these frescoes, by the way, the one that pleased me most is this we are coming to; wherein the painter is represented as showing to his illustrious brother-artist, Durand, and the famous old poet, Bryant, a waterfall that he had recently discovered in his rambles in these woods; then but very imperfectly explored, it seems; hardly known, indeed, save to the intrepid artist himself, and some few hunters of the village he then lived in, the present superb city of Cattskill.

Jas. Ah yes, I see; admirably painted. We must come back here, brother, in the morning,

and study these out at our leisure. But, Dio mio, what monster apartment is this we are coming to?

Ral. This is the Dining-Room; by all odds the most capacious I ever took a meal in. They can accommodate five thousand here, on a pinch, the landlord told me; forty-five hundred, with perfect comfort. But you'll soon see for yourself. A pretty sight, Jason, a dinner here. You will be especially struck with the appearance and evolutions of the waiters; a noble corps of nearly a thousand men, most tastefully dressed and perfect time-keepers. The way they march in with the dessert, to the tune of Hail Columbia, is truly impressive. Here is to-day's Bill of Fare, by the way.

Jas. Where, where?

Ral. Why, here, to be sure, on this marble counter.

Jas. God bless me, I took it for a Gift-Book. What a sumptuous, massive volume! Ah, yes, yes,—*Cattskill Mountain House, July* 9, 2000,—*Polyglot Bill of Fare.* Ten different languages, I declare. Heavens, what a Wine-List, too! More than half seem to be of native growth.

Ral. Yes, there has been a wonderful impulse given to that department of industry here, within the last half century. The American wines, it

seems, now outrank all others, at the tables of epicures. The poor Rhine and Garonne are quite forgotten in the superb growths of the Ohio, and the Illinois. And with reason, if I may judge by the very first specimen that I stumbled over here; bottled at Cairo, if I remember rightly.

Jas. Here it is, here it is. *Cairo Golden Sherry, Vintage of* 1976. Ten exclamation-marks—*quarts, ten dollars, pints, five.* We'll try that to-day, Walter, if you say so.

Ral. With all my heart. But we must not linger here any longer. This way, brother, this way. I want to show you our library.

Jas. What a cozy room! Ah, whose statue is that in the centre?

Ral. Whose should it be, but that of our dear ghost, Irving?

Jas. Is it possible? What a charming looking person!

Ral. And a most capital likeness of the great story-teller. His best stories, as you are aware, though read and relished, in all climes and tongues, are more especially identified with the sublime scenery around us. There is a much larger and finer statue of him, by the way, recently executed, and now in the portico of the Cattskill Opera

House. Bless his old soul, for the most amiable of spectres! Of all the American classics, he has the first place, evidently, in the popular heart. You can't turn your head indeed, without encountering his name or features, in some shape or other; from first-class hotels down to fruit-cakes, from ocean-steamers down to razor-strops. Ah dear, if fame could do a poor ghost any good, he certainly has his fill of it.

Jas. He deserves it, I dare say. I wish I was more familiar with his writings. Do you know, Walter, that the only one of his stories I am acquainted with, is the immortal Rip Van Winkle; as brother Lucian used to recite it, with infinite humor, in his Greek version. If so delicious in a translation, what must the original be?

Ral. Let me show you his works, while I think of it; so that if you have any leisure moments here, you may know how to invest them. Here, Jason, on this shelf behind us; right over brother Cooper; forty volumes in all, you see.

Jas. Bless me, what a feast!

Ral. And here, brother, are the two Coles we were speaking about. While you are looking at them, I want to refer to a passage in the biography of the artist. I'll be back presently. (*Return*

ing). Ah, you're still lingering over them, I see.

Jas. Yes, indeed. This Sicilian scene is a most delicious bit of painting; to say nothing of the old recollections that it revives within me; but, Pluto save us, what horrible sounds are those?

Ral. Only the preparation-gong.

Jas. Ah!

Ral. I had no idea, though, that it was so near dinner-time.

Jas. Our ghostly toilets are soon made, Walter. Ah, here's another colossal apartment, I see.

Ral. Yes, that's our Reading-Room. They talk of adding a couple of acres to it, next season. It seems that a thousand papers a day are not sufficient to meet the wants of the guests here. Their tables, too, are altogether too small to hold the continually increasing crowd of magazines and serials, all over the Republic. We'll merely pass through it at present. And now, Jason, here we are at the Billiard-Room. A fine, well-lighted chamber, is it not? If it were not so late, I would propose a game. But, perhaps you Thessalians are not familiar with it.

Jas. I beg your pardon. I used to play a good deal in my day, both at Iolcos and at the court

of my father-in-law. He himself played a famous mace-game. Our tables were larger, but not so elegant as these. I never saw so many together, before, certainly. What a forest of cues! How gay the ceiling is, too! Pray, what signify all these heraldic devices?

Ral. They are the coats of arms of the eighty States. One of them, brother, to which my attention was called by a guest here, I have been studying with great gratification. You are standing directly under it. Don't you see? My name, motto, and crest, blended with all those plants and prairie-flowers; those, brother, are the emblems of the beautiful young State of Raleigh. I was much gratified, before, at finding myself identified with the capital of one of the glorious old Thirteen; to say nothing of counties and townships, all over the Union; but, really, this last honor is quite overwhelming.

Jas. Of course, they have no Jason among them.

Ral. Strange to say, you are pretty much the only Greek hero, not on the Postmaster-General's list. I *have* seen you occasionally here, however; in Turf-Registers, on clippers, and canal-boats; very seldom, though.

Jas. Well, well, I shall soon be forgotten altogether.

Ral. Not while Pindar lives.

Jas. Does Pindar live? In this part of the world, I mean.

Ral. You would have thought so, had you heard the shouts of applause with which his name was received, at a recent college commencement. But your fame, brother, now rests on a far more popular basis. Do you know that all the children, all over the earth, dearly love to read about you, and have, for more than a century past? Yes, ever since brother Hawthorne served up your adventures for them in that delicious old volume, *The Tanglewood Tales.* Bless brother Lamb, for making me acquainted with it!

Jas. Indeed, indeed? I am delighted to hear it. To be beloved by the children is glory enough for any ghost.

Ral. But, Jason, we have no time to spare.

Jas. Ah, here we are again, at the office. Do tell me, Walter; what *are* they about in this large room adjoining? What signifies that complicated array of wires, that perpetual click, click, click, and those long strips of paper? Some new game or other, no doubt.

Ral. Ha, ha, ha! Is it possible, brother, that you are not acquainted with the wonders of the magnetic telegraph?

Jas. Not I.

Ral. Well, you'll find it a simple matter enough. Just watch the operators now, for a moment. Here we are at the western division. Our friend has just received a missive from Saratoga, which the clerk is transcribing. Ah, here it is, in plain English: "*Marvin House, July 9.—No rooms for three weeks to come; six thousand turned away yesterday.*" By this entry in the margin, you will perceive that it is hardly fifteen minutes since the question was put, to which this is the answer. It is addressed, you notice, to *B. Franklin Jones, Esq.*, one of our guests, who is evidently anxious to know when and how he can be accommodated at the great watering-place.

Jas. Dio mio! You amaze me.

Ral. Nothing plainer, Jason, once understood. Now let's look over, a moment, at the eastern division. Ah, here's a despatch from Newport. What says it? "*Grand Cosmopolitan Fancy Ball. First Tuesday in September.*" True, true; I remember hearing a gay party discussing this very topic, last evening, in the drawing-room.

They proposed winding up their summer travels at this point, but did not know the precise day fixed for the grand gathering. This is, no doubt, a reply to some query of theirs. A great convenience, is it not ?

Jas. Wonderful, wonderful ; too deep for me, though, this mystery, I confess.

Ral. I will make a point of explaining it to you the first thing to-morrow. You shall, moreover, test the virtues of the invention, in propria persona. There is not a town on earth, brother, that you cannot confer with, through these same wires. So, if you want to drop a line to any of your quondam friends at Colchis, or to know how real estate is selling, at your old Thessalian homestead, you can be accommodated, without even wetting your sandals

Jas. I shall not fail to hold you to your promise. But, ah, here's another superb gallery before us. Bless me, there seems no end to the splendors, or resources of this establishment : frescoed, too, and lined all the way, with statues ! Pray, where does it lead to ?

Ral. This is the entrance to the opera-house.

Jas. Indeed !

Ral. Yes, we have a capital opera here, every evening during the season ; alternately in French,

English, German, and Italian; the four dominant languages, I need not tell you, of the planet. Let's see, by the way, what the affiche says, for this evening. Heavens and earth, what a coincidence!

Jas. What's the matter?

Ral. Look here, Jason, look here.

Jas. Dio mio, the Medea! This *is* extraordinary. I can't help wishing it had been some other piece, though. It will only be reviving most unhappy recollections.

Ral. And yet, brother, the music is altogether too charming for us to lose, and the cast is admirable.

Jas. Ah?

Ral. It is, indeed. Your all-accomplished wife could not be in better hands: a most superb-looking woman, not many months from Milan; with a glorious organ, and tragic powers of the very highest order. You'll be charmed with her, I'm sure.

Jas. Who murders *me*, I wonder?

Ral. On the contrary, you will be very fairly rendered. The artist is young, to be sure, and by no means as good-looking as yourself; but his voice is a very reliable one, and his absorption in his part, most commendable. 'Tis not many nights since I saw him in New York, and he made quite

a hit, even before that most fastidious of publics. The scenery, too, is admirably painted, while the choruses would have done honor to Athens, in her best days. So you must consider yourself booked for to-night

Jas. As you say, brother.

Ral. This other gallery to the right, you see, is very different in its decorations and general effect. That, Jason, leads to our beautiful chapel. We have only time to look in at the portal, a moment.

Jas. What exquisite windows!

Ral. Yes, you'll find no finer stained glass on earth. The subjects, too, are vastly admired; being illustrations of the Parables. That directly opposite, is considered the masterpiece here; the Prodigal Son.

Jas. It needs no interpreter, certainly. Charming, charming!

Ral. They are all well worth studying. That group of Faith, Hope, and Charity, under the Prodigal Son, is the work, I am told, of a New England artist, who, though still young, threatens to eclipse all the American sculptors of the day, and even those of the 19th century, brilliant constellation that they were. You will be charmed,

Jason, to hear divine service here, and with the discourses of the officiating priest. I have had the pleasure of an introduction to him, since my arrival, and have found him one of the most unaffected, hearty, cheerful persons I ever met. He gave us a capital sermon last Sunday; not a particle of bigotry, or sectarianism, in any corner of it; but full of broad, liberal, comprehensive views, lucidly stated, and judiciously embellished with imagery, admirably according with the beautiful creations of art around us. Some few of his hearers, evidently disliked his dwelling so little on the more subtle and mysterious parts of Christianity; but I confess, I liked him all the better for it, and for not presuming to fathom secrets quite beyond the depth, even of us spirits.

Jas. He showed his sense, certainly. The chapel itself is good enough sermon for me. It grows more and more beautiful every moment. Two days, indeed! Why, it would take at least two weeks, Walter, to have any idea of the attractions of this spot.

Ral. Well, why not make a fortnight of it? Come, that's a good ghost. I shall be delighted, as I said before, to be your Cicerone. After that, we'll take a look at some of the other famous old

watering-places of these regions; the classic Nahant, the luxurious Newport, the stately Rockaway, the romantic Sharon, the many-colored Saratoga. And then, there are some glorious cascades and cataracts that I want you to see; to say nothing of the lions of the great Metropolis. But, above all, Jason, there is another view from a mountain to the north-east of us, that you must not leave America, without beholding; and compared with which, even the sublime picture beneath us is tame.

Jas. Impossible.

Ral. You'll find it so, depend upon it. The hand of man is not so prominent in it, certainly; nor are its details so minutely finished; but for extent, variety, and grandeur, there is no comparison.

Jas. What mountain do you refer to?

Ral. The old king of the White Hills, to be sure; towering above them, as its illustrious namesake towers above all other heroes. But, by George, we have only a minute left to make our little arrangements for dinner. By the way, what is the number of your room?

Jas. Nine hundred and eighty-seven, if I am not mistaken.

Ral. Ah, right in my neighborhood. Very well, brother; I will stop at your door, on our way down.

Jas. I shall depend upon you. [*Exeunt.*

TACITUS—GIBBON.

[SCENE—THE PALATINE.]

Tac. Here we are, at last. I am a little weary, I confess, after our journey. Come, brother, let's repose awhile on this bit of column.

Gib. Right willingly; I am quite out of breath myself. (*After a pause.*) I hope, Tacitus, I have not tasked your kindness too far, in this necessarily painful visit.

Tac. Not at all, not at all. To be candid, though, I should have preferred remaining where we were. I marvel somewhat at your taste, I must say, in turning your back thus abruptly as you did, upon the splendors of your own royal London, and coming hither to mope and muse over our poor shattered Rome. Ah dear, dear, what a picture, what a picture! Never did it seem so desolate to me as now. And to leave such agreeable company, too, as brother Macaulay's! What

must he have thought? How surprised he was to see us, by the way.

Gib. Yes; two such apparitions at once, quite overwhelmed him for a moment. He seemed rather more glad though to see you than me, I thought.

Tac. Oh, no.

Gib. So it struck me. I have heard, besides, that he has spoken pretty freely of me, in his essays. A capital fellow, though, for all that, and a most fascinating talker. I was quite gratified to find him at his post, note-book in hand, toiling away for the benefit of posterity. He looked somewhat careworn, however, and if he is not cautious, will become an immortal before his time.

Tac. I am selfish enough to wish that he were with us already. I was really vexed to see so little of him. Why, do you know, brother, that he was on the very point of proposing a stroll through Hyde Park, when you took wing so unceremoniously? What a day, too, we should have had for the promenade! How different from this dreary, melancholy scene!

Gib. Why, really, brother, I am very sorry that—

Tac. No apologies, no apologies. Come you

would, and here we are. Welcome, right welcome to the palace of the Cæsars! Right sorry am I, that we have no better accommodations to offer you. Had you looked in some seventeen centuries ago, I could have made you as comfortable as ghost or mortal could desire; and could have shown you, too, some friends and sights, worthy the eye of an historian.

Gib. You are very polite, brother.

Tac. Nay more, I could have ensured you a most cordial reception at the hands of our beloved Emperor, and a delicious dish of chat at his hospitable board. Need I add, Edward, how delighted I should have been, to have shown you through the halls of our glorious library, or how proud I should have been to have presented you to the members of our Historical Society.

Gib. Really, Cornelius, you quite overpower me. And so you had a Historical Society in Rome, in your day?

Tac. We had, indeed, and a right famous one; as splendid a body of savans, though I say it, as ever came together. Yes, and this very spot was the scene of our meetings; this identical cabbage-garden. It was only two days before I left the flesh, that our third Centennial Anniversary was

celebrated here; with great splendor, too; Trajan himself presiding. Never, through all eternity, shall I forget the glorious speech my dear Pliny made on the occasion. Poor fellow! he little thought we were so soon to separate; 'twas but a brief parting, however. His health had been failing, indeed, for some time. What with that, and the shock which my death occasioned him, it was but a little week ere we met again in spirit land.

Gib. He did not live, then, to pronounce your funeral oration?

Tac. No; that service was rendered by my worthy friend, Pætilius; between ourselves, not a very remarkable performance. You never heard of it, of course.

Gib. Never. I have often regretted, however, the non-existence of your portrait, as painted by your illustrious brother orator. Such a discourse would unquestionably have been far more brilliant and able, than the Panegyric itself; and would, moreover, my dear friend, have given us a world of details about yourself, which we moderns are sadly in want of.

Tac. Very kindly spoken, brother.

Gib. I mean what I say. Had such an oration

actually been delivered, and were it to see the light to-day, the discovery would create a thrill of delight throughout the whole literary world.

Tac. Truly?

Gib. It would, indeed. I know of but one other, that would cause a more profound sensation.

Tac. And that—

Gib. I need not say, would be the recovery of the lost parts of your own glorious history. You smile, but this is not the first time that I have told you so. Besides, brother, we are not without precedents on this point. You know as well as I do, the enthusiasm with which some of the missing books of your annals were received, three centuries ago. Thanks to the munificent offers of Pope Leo, both in the way of ducats and indulgences! His present Holiness, I fear, has neither the purse nor the spirit, to institute another such a search; and if he did, it would, most probably, prove a fruitless one.

Tac. I had quite forgotten the circumstance, I assure you. I *do* remember, though, having been told of the extraordinary pains taken by my Imperial namesake, to preserve my writings, and to secure me a fair hearing with posterity; and

of the very partial success, as it has since turned out, which attended his efforts. Ah, brother, you are far more fortunate than I in this respect. Your master-piece is sure to descend safe and sound, unshorn of a single ray of its splendor, even to the last day of earth; while, of the six and thirty books of my history, the fruit of years of thought and research, in which I feel that my strongest and most characteristic passages were contained, poor four alone survive! Well, well, I must not be envious. And yet, I can't help regretting that my tribute to the glorious Titus, coming warm as it did from my heart, could not have been spared. The best thing I ever did, Gibbon; unless, perhaps, it was the portrait of the infamous Domitian.

Gib. By the way, speaking of Domitian, will you allow me to ask you a question, which I never before ventured to? Somewhat personal, I confess.

Tac. By all means; what is it?

Gib. How *did* you manage to keep your head upon your shoulders, during the reign of that monster? To be candid with you, I *have* heard it insinuated in certain quarters that it was only

by virtue of unworthy compliances, and at the cost of your own self-respect.

Tac. How's that? How's that?

Gib. Don't frown, now, my dear friend. Be assured that I treated the insinuation with the same scorn as yourself; still I confess it would gratify me to hear some little explanation on this point, from your own lips. 'Twas but the other day, indeed, that one of these same critics, a ghost that shall be nameless (a keen searcher of hearts, too, in his way), asked me this very question, with a look and tone full of sarcasm; 'How is it,' said he, 'that this same Tacitus, this moral historian, as he has always styled himself, this unsparing censor of wickedness, should yet have been thus hand and glove with that monster of infamy, Domitian? Should have taken office under him, have reclined at his table, have capped verses with him, nay more, should have inscribed to him a book of *Facetiæ?* A pretty time to be jesting, truly, when the best men of Rome were daily perishing by the daggers and poison of his assassins, or condemned to hopeless banishment!' Feeling the utter falsehood of the charge thus implied, I yet could not reply to it as I would have wished. How is this, my dear friend? Do explain it.

Tac. With all my heart. I think I could name the ghost you refer to. His accusation is certainly a specious one, and not without many grains of truth. I did, indeed, take office under Domitian, was frequently his guest, sent him my verses (such as they were), and set some of his own to music; I also, at his urgent request, revised that truly sprightly and elegant little work of his, on the subject of baldness. You have heard of it, I dare say.

Gib. I have; it is not extant, however.

Tac. You would have been charmed with it, I am sure. I could mention many other little acts of courtesy that passed between us. I might have pursued a very different course, certainly; and, as you say, have had my head chopped off, for my pains. In that event, brother, you would have been deprived of the pleasure of reading those writings of which you have spoken so kindly, and I of the privilege of rendering, in after years, those services to Rome, on which I look back, even now, with honest exultation. The simple truth of the matter is this. I was guided in my conduct on this occasion, by the advice of that best of men, my ever-to-be-revered father-in-law. He saw at once, the madness of an open rupture with one,

as all-powerful as he was imperious and cruel, and so counselled prudence and moderation. He saw also, equally with myself, the unquestionable literary talents of the Emperor, and his fondness for the arts; qualities which we both did our best to encourage and develope, in hopes that they might at least restrain, if not get the better of, those bloodthirsty propensities and fierce appetites, that he was cursed with; expectations, indeed, most visionary, as it afterwards appeared. Still, these considerations, deriving fresh force, as they did, from our most heartfelt respect and gratitude towards his father, Vespasian, impelled us to a conciliatory course. I may as well acknowledge, too, that in common with the rest of Rome, I was for some time puzzled to find out the true character of Domitian. With all my fancied acuteness, and insight into motives, there was a plausibility and subtlety about the man, at times, that quite baffled all my conjectures; a master-dissembler, truly, and worthy of the great teacher whom he afterwards openly avowed as his model. But when the mask was thrown off at last; when daily acts of treachery and murder proclaimed the monster in his true colors; when, finally, the death

of Agricola himself was, with too much reason, laid at the doors of his emissaries; from that moment I renounced my allegiance to the wretch, nor ever after exchanged word or look with him; I resolved straightway to leave a scene fraught with such sad memories, and such peril to myself, and to those I loved. This resolution was strengthened by the earnest entreaties of my dear friend Pliny, and of Pætilius; and still more by letters which I received from the illustrious Virginius, then in Gaul, and who, it seems, had long suspected the hostile feelings of Domitian towards our family. The precarious condition, too, of my beloved wife's health, imperatively called for a change of residence. In a word, I was only debating which way to bend my steps, when, what should I receive, at this very juncture, but a most kind and flattering invitation from my Alma Mater, the University of Massilia, to come and fill the then vacant Professorship of Roman literature. Nothing could have been more opportune, or agreeable to me. I at once accepted the offer, and remained four years in that city, in the discharge of my professional duties, and at the same time continuing my studies, with a view to long-cherished historical labors. I need not tell you what

occurred at Rome during this period, nor how the repeated atrocities of Domitian, like those of his predecessors, led to that conspiracy which at length rid the world of the monster. You know as well as I do, how glorious, but short-lived, was the reign of his successor; what happy, prosperous times we had under the beloved Trajan; and how many long years of peaceful, productive labor, alike as scholar and as statesman, the Gods vouchsafed to me; and I will not dwell longer upon them. As to that same book of Facetiæ, to which you alluded, allow me, for the ten thousandth time, to disavow all connection with it. I confess I have felt hurt, at times, that my name should have ever been mentioned in the same breath with that most obscene and stupid production. But no more on that head. And now, brother, are you satisfied?

Gib. Perfectly, perfectly; and I hope you will excuse me for having introduced this subject.

Tac. On the contrary, I was quite gratified to find you so much interested in the vindication of my integrity.

Gib. To change the theme, however, and to revert, for a moment, to that same Palatine Library, of which you were speaking, and about

which I have often intended asking you. I confess to a good deal of curiosity on this point. Do tell me; is it possible that it occupied the very spot where we are now sitting? *Is* this silent, woe-begone, weed-encumbered place, the sole representative of all its glories?

Tac. Even so, even so; not more desolate, though, than all else here.

Gib. Was it, indeed, so magnificent as they say?

Tac. A most princely structure; but is it possible that there is no picture or description of it extant? I speak not of the original temple, of course, but of that which Domitian reared, with four-fold splendor, on its ashes. I myself, I remember, had a good deal to say about it, in my history.

Gib. That account, alas, has not descended to us. All I have ever seen about it, are some very unsatisfactory notices by Suetonius, in his usual off-hand Gazetteer fashion, an allusion or two in Ovid and Propertius, and some few vague statements, by our long-bow-drawing friend, the Naturalist; these, and an occasional restoration of it, by some visionary artist. What was the style of its architecture? How many volumes had

you, and in what department were you strongest? Who was the favorite author of Rome, at the time you were consulting its alcoves? Have the goodness, brother, to enlighten me a little on these points.

Tac. Most cheerfully. The temple, of which our Library formed a part, was of the finest white marble; its portico, as superb a specimen of the Corinthian order as I ever beheld; fully equal, I think, to that of the Pantheon. The shrine, itself, was mainly remarkable for a lofty dome, inlaid with gold, beneath which stood a colossal Apollo, exquisitely wrought in bronze; and for its beautiful eastern portal, the bas-reliefs of which were the admiration of all Rome. Both they and the statue were the work of the same artist, the famous Hermodorus, of Corinth. The apartments reserved for the Library, consisted of two magnificent halls, parallel to each other, joined at each end by spacious corridors, and completely surrounded by alcoves. They were supported by lofty columns of the yellow marble of Numidia, with white capitals, of fine workmanship. These served to sustain a regular series of domes, with apertures for the admission of light. The interiors of these domes were adorned with frescoes by

our first artists, and illustrative of the history of the Empire, from its foundation. Conspicuous among them, and admirably executed, was that portraying the battle of Actium, in which our second Emperor won such laurels; in consequence of which victory, I need not tell you, he erected the original temple here. All these frescoes, however, were fine specimens of art. Beneath each dome was a circular mosaic, protected by a rich railing of bronze. The subjects were mainly copies of the most notable of our temples and palaces. The pavement was of black and white marble. Between each pair of columns, reared upon an appropriate pedestal, stood the statue of some illustrious conqueror in the fields of Greek or Roman letters; a splendid collection, which I will not presume to enumerate, much less describe. Those, I remember, that I used to be fondest of looking at, were Homer and Pindar, and above all, a very famous statue of our own Lucretius. There was a sad, grand expression about it, that was strangely fascinating to me. At either end of each of these spacious halls was a fountain of simple but elegant design; with no great volume of water, however; just enough to create a pleasant murmur, and agreeable accompaniment to

the meditations or studies of those present. Our hours were regulated by the movements of a quaint old water clock, whose silver thread had glistened two centuries before, in the studio of our immortal Tully.

Gib. Pleasant quarters these, truly.

Tac. As to the number of our volumes, which you were asking about, there were about one hundred and fifty thousand, if I remember rightly; a small collection compared with that of Alexandria; and of these, many were afterwards removed to grace the shelves of the Ulpian, the most frequented library in Rome, during the latter part of my life; though its appointments were by no means so sumptuous as those of the Palatine.

Gib. You had but little Oriental literature, I believe, in your collection.

Tac. Hardly worth speaking of; some few Indian and Persian manuscripts, and a fair proportion of Egyptian. I was about to remark, that our alcoves were almost entirely dedicated to Greek and Roman works. In the department of Greek philosophy, and, above all, of Greek poetry, we were most richly endowed. We had at least fifty sets of Homer, I remember, in all styles of embellishment; one, the object of our especial

veneration, had originally belonged to the divine Sophocles, and was enriched with marginal notes in his own handwriting. Of Sophocles himself, we had many superb editions. One of our greatest treasures was a complete and beautifully copied Plato; the only really satisfactory one I ever saw, and a gift to the library from our dear Pliny. But I cannot begin, brother, to tell you of all our valuables and curiosities. We had, moreover, a very famous collection of maps, to say nothing of our coins and medals, all of which I had manifold occasion to consult, while pursuing my historical researches. To your other inquiry as to who was the favorite author of Rome, in my day, I answer unhesitatingly, Seneca. At the time of my death, there were no less than three shops in the Argiletum, almost exclusively employed in furnishing transcripts of his writings.

Gib. Indeed!

Tac. Yes; so steady was the demand for them. Next to him came Martial. He, too, kept the scribes very busy.

Gib. Not more so than Virgil, surely.

Tac. I beg your pardon; Virgil was far more eulogized than read, in my day. To our shame be it spoken; almost all the great masters of the

Augustan age, were comparatively neglected by us. I speak the more freely, having been myself led astray by the false taste that prevailed. While we were all crazy after the showy sentimentalities of our pseudo-philosopher, and the filthy epigrams of our time-serving poet, Horace himself was suffered to slumber on the shelves, while the dust was an inch thick over poor Lucretius. Ovid, to be sure, was more thumbed by us, especially the Art of Love, with its pernicious passages. I confess, I look back, with wonder, on this perversion. The idea of comparing Seneca with Cicero, forsooth! And yet, for every copy of the *Amicitia* that was sold in my time, there were at least a hundred of the *Consolatione*.

Gib. But, Cornelius, if I err not, you have yourself left on record a very glowing eulogium on brother Seneca, in your famous dialogue about orators. Is it not so?

Tac. True, true; I plead guilty. Had I that passage to write over, I should alter it materially. If I remember rightly, though, I was speaking rather of the writer, and the speaker, than of the man; for I never had much opinion of his moral character. I confess, moreover, that this misplaced admiration had a bad effect on my own

style, wherein I have quite too often sacrificed clearness to brevity, truth to antithesis.

Gib. Oh no, no; your severest critic would hardly say that. You *have* puzzled the commentators, though, at times, confoundedly.

Tac. But, brother, I am doing all the talking, here.

Gib. Not at all, not at all; go on with your reminiscences. You were speaking of the Historical Society. Am I to understand that they held their meetings in the sumptuous halls that you have just described?

Tac. No; but in an apartment communicating with them; a noble room, erected by Trajan expressly for their accommodation. Before that time, our chambers were on Mount Aventine, not far from Pollio's library. Our new quarters were every way worthy, both of the donor and of the temple to which they were annexed. Our great hall of conference was a princely affair; it was worth a journey to Rome, to see the magnificent bas-reliefs that surrounded its walls.

Gib. Ah! what may the subjects have been?

Tac. They illustrated prominent events in the lives of our historians. The series commenced with Herodotus reciting his works at the Olympic

Games, and ended with your humble servant pronouncing his funeral discourse over the great Virginius Rufus. This compliment, brother, I assure you, was most gratifying to me. In niches above the sculptures were busts of the writers thus commemorated. Behind the chair of the President, was a statue of Thucydides, a copy of the famous one in the library of Pisistratus, at Athens; and another of Cato the Elder, the founder of our Society. Ah, how vividly can I recall the scene here, when I was last present in the body! I mean the anniversary that I was telling you about, on occasion of the completion of our third century. The princely hall itself; the beautiful perspective formed by the receding domes and columns of the library, as seen through the portal; the faint murmurs of the fountains; the imposing group of noble and learned men, enlivened as it was, on this occasion, by the presence of some of the loveliest women of Rome; the laurel-crowned busts and statues around; the blended grace and dignity with which the Emperor presided; the solemn invocation to the Gods, so impressively given by the arch-flamen; and to crown all, the inimitably brilliant discourse of brother Pliny, delivered as no other in Rome could deliver it;

altogether, it was one of the grandest pictures I ever beheld.

Gib. It must have been a magnificent celebration, indeed!

Tac. (*After a pause.*) And this is the consummation of it all, this miserable aggregation of rubbish! Well, well, well!

Gib. What was the subject of the discourse, brother? Perhaps some parts of it may yet live in your memory.

Tac. Oh, no, no; its outlines and general spirit, however, I remember distinctly. We were expecting something quite different; to wit, a history of the Society itself, with portraits of some of its more illustrious members, which, perhaps, would have been more appropriate; but we had, instead, a theme far broader and more philosophical. He began by defining the nature and uses of history. He then dwelt upon the qualifications of the historian; insisting, with great power, on a high moral tone, as the all-essential attribute; he then portrayed, briefly but graphically, the leading features of the great historical masters. From this he glided gracefully into a review of the progress of events since the accession of Trajan, whose administration he set forth,

not in the frigid metaphors of court-adulation, but in the glowing words of true enthusiasm. Never were his Oriental triumphs, his wise laws, his innumerable benefactions to art and letters, more happily described. 'First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.' Never shall I forget the tone and manner in which these words were uttered, or the modest way in which the Emperor received them. Just before the peroration, the discourse took a more practical turn; abounding (so we then thought) in ingenious and valuable suggestions relating to the more facile multiplication of maps, medals, and records, and their more perfect preservation. Preservation, forsooth! A precious commentary upon them, is it not, brother, this scene of ruin! Ah dear, to think that I should have ever beheld a spectacle like this; should have seen the very chamber where these glowing periods were delivered, a place to gather potherbs in; have seen sheep scattered over the halls of these golden palaces; and the all-glorious Forum itself, a rendezvous for swineherds!

Gib. It *is* most strange, certainly, that there should be so few evidences of those proud days around us. But, between ourselves, brother, I don't think that there has ever been a *bona fide*,

persevering search made for them. Thanks to the miserable bigots who misgovern Rome! They will squander their thousands, at any moment, on some idle church mummery, or some miracle-working Madonna, or crucifix, but have not heart or pride enough to explore the footsteps of their forefathers. Who knows what precious memorials of the days you flourished in, may even now be slumbering beneath this very column on which we are sitting? May not that very oration itself, which you so warmly eulogize, be among them, quietly waiting the coming of some sagacious antiquary? *Will* it not again see the light of day? Will it not again be read to the delight of brilliant audiences? Will it not, who knows, become a text-book in the Universities of future ages?

Tac. I hope so, indeed, for dear Pliny's sake. I do not know a spirit more worthy of such honors, or who would be more gratified at receiving them. But, bless me, how the wind howls through yonder cypresses! That black cloud, too, rising in the west; brother, there is a storm brewing, evidently. Come, let us leave this forlorn spot for quarters more genial. We have not much time to spare, by the way. I must not break my appointment.

Gib. Appointment?

Tac. Yes ; I thought I mentioned it to you on our way hither. I have had the honor of a special invocation from brother Guizot.

Gib. True, true ; I remember your speaking of it.

Tac. Had I consulted my own feelings, I should have divided the day between London and Paris ; but you insisted so on visiting this dead-and-gone town, that—

Gib. I am right sorry that I should have so deranged your plans.

Tac. Well, well ; all's for the best, no doubt. But I must insist, in turn, on your accompanying me. I shall be proud to introduce you to the great philosophical historian.

Gib. I shall be in the way, I fear.

Tac. Not at all, not at all. You must know that he has just finished the first part of his History of America, and has done me the honor to consult me about some passages in the introductory chapter. Meanwhile, we have a few moments at our disposal. Come, let's look about us a little.

Gib. With all my heart. What say you to dropping in at the Pantheon ?

Tac. Oh no, no ; that would only revive unpleasant recollections.

Gib. Well, St. Peter's, then?

Tac. That would be far more agreeable, certainly. Come, let's be off.

Gib. At your service, brother. [*Exeunt.*

APICIUS—VATEL.

[SCENE—PALAIS ROYAL.]

Ap. A superb picture this, brother.

Vat. It is, indeed. Never did our garden look more brilliant or animated. And the entertainment, Apicius, candidly now, has it equalled your expectations? Have I kept my word?

Ap. You have, an hundred fold. I have been most royally feasted, I assure you. Both the old familiar dishes, and the manifold novelties of the repast, have been alike delicious. I haven't had such a treat for ages.

Vat. You are very polite.

Ap. I mean what I say, and from the very bottom of my ghostly stomach, I thank you, for the experiences of this day.

Vat. The cook has done well, certainly.

Ap. Sicily never held a better.

Vat. And Messieurs, Les Trois Frères—

Ap. Jove bless them, say I! The Horatii were fools to them. I ask your pardon, though, brother. I didn't mean to interrupt you.

Vat. Not at all. I was merely about to add, that they would give a proper development to his talents. An unequal artist, Apicius, and one who has evidently not yet reached the zenith of his powers.

Ap. Do you think so?

Vat. I certainly do. There were several little faults to-day, both in the way of excess and of omission, that betrayed the immature master. On the other hand, I must say, there were some evidences of rare genius. That fricandeau was a chef-d'œuvre.

Ap. A perfect love.

Vat. And the vol-au-vent.

Ap. Capital, capital.

Vat. The omelette Soufflée, too, though it might have been more delicately flavored, and was, perhaps, slightly wanting in ethereality, I consider, on the whole, a success.

Ap. Fit for Venus herself.

Vat. Those coquilles, on the contrary, were entirely without piquancy, or expression.

Ap. Homer nodded there, certainly.

Vat. And as for the mayonnaise, it was absolutely scandalous; so full of sharp points, and inharmonious combinations. A more wretchedly conceived and shabbily executed salad I never sat down to. I was terribly mortified. I saw at once that your critical palate had condemned it, though you were too kind to say so.

Ap. True, brother, true. But oh, that dinde truffée! Shade of Vitellius, what a flavor! Think of that, Vatel, and be merciful.

Vat. Very creditable, that, I confess.

Ap. Besides, as to the matter of the mayonnaise, I think the lobster was more in fault than the artist.

Vat. Vraiment?

Ap. Yes; between ourselves, your modern lobsters are far, far inferior to those of my day.

Vat. Those were superb specimens, too, in the window, as we entered.

Ap. You wouldn't have said so, had you seen mine at Minturnæ. And as to your oysters, I must say, I have been greatly disappointed in them. More miserable, little apologies, I have never seen.

Vat. And yet great critics have thought otherwise, brother.

Ap. I can't help that. To me, they are entirely without merit; with neither soul nor body; neither giving nor appeasing appetite; and, if those to-day were fair samples, utterly unworthy to enter into the composition of sauce or pâté. And while I am finding fault, I may as well add, that in one other article, you moderns have fallen quite below my expectations.

Vat. Ah?

Ap. I refer to the bread department. Your loaves I find sadly wanting, both in variety of kinds, and of forms: no disrespect to these petits pains, which are both light and sweet, but certainly not models of beauty.

Vat. Why, you surprise me. We Parisians are always bragging about our bread.

Ap. I am sorry to hear it, for you are far below the antique mark in this regard. I speak authoritatively, brother, for I made this subject a profound study when in the body, both at home and in Sicily. Nay more, was I not the first to introduce the famous Milesian biscuits into Rome? Did I not travel to Cappadocia, expressly to find out the mystery of those renowned hot rolls of theirs?

Vat. I know it, great father of cheesecakes, I know it. Your dictum on this point is conclusive.

Ap. As much so as your own on the merits of an entremêt, or that of your namesake on a question of international law.

Vat. True, true; a clever ghost that.

Ap. But with these exceptions, brother, I say again, this entertainment far, far surpasses any thing that was ever devised by the cooks or caterers of my era. In itself and its appointments, in the wonderful variety of its contents, the orderly service of the courses, the silent, intelligent ministrations of the attendants, the beauty and convenience of the vessels, and the implements of war (if I may so call them), in every respect, indeed, it is a model. I repeat it; Lucullus never reclined at one approaching to it; Heliogabalus would have given half his empire to have assisted at it. To say nothing of this pleasant little salon, these mirrors that thus multiply our enjoyments, these comfortable couches, and above all, the brilliant spectacle which these windows command; these porticoes and glittering shops, these flowers and fountains, these well-dressed women, these gay uniforms, these scattered groups of sippers of coffee, and students of newspapers; a picture, Vatel, as much more lively, and animated, and brilliant than any thing Rome could show in my

day, as the dinner itself exceeds the performances of our antique kitchens.

Vat. Indeed, brother? Such an endorsement, from such a critic, is most delightful. (*Aside.*) Confound those dominoes, how they rattle!

Ap. I must say, however, that keeping this sitting posture so long I have found somewhat embarrassing. I should have felt more at home, too, I confess, in my chaplet and slippers.

Vat. I am really very sorry. Why didn't you say so at first?

Ap. Not at all, not at all. But especially, brother, did I miss the customary flute solo, when that capon was so ably disintegrated by the garçon. Not a French fashion, I suppose.

Vat. Not that I ever heard of.

Ap. But why speak of these things? Spots on the sun, spots on the sun.

Vat. And the coffee, brother, it has not disappointed you?

Ap. Most fragrant, most exhilarating: a divine invention. And oh, that eau-de-vie de Dantzick! The very shower in which Zeus descended unto Danae. Roses and violets, how delicious!

Vat. A valuable addition to our cordials. I prefer the maraschino myself.

Ap. Not bad; the pennyroyal was a little too obvious in it, however, for my taste.

Vat. It might have been improved, certainly. But, Apicius, were you really in earnest, in giving such a marked and emphatic preference as you did, to our wines, over those of your day?

Ap. I was. You have placed clarets before me to-day, which it entered not into the hearts of our most illustrious bibbers to conceive; clarets so limpid, lustrous, light, and delicate, that I was completely taken by surprise; compared with which, our choicest Setine, that pet drink, you know, of our Emperors', was crude and commonplace, while the ordinary Cæcuban and Falernian of our cellars were the veriest sloe-juice, alongside of them.

Vat. You amaze me; nor can I, I confess, reconcile such a statement with the enthusiastic accounts of some of your poets and historians.

Ap. I know it, I know it; sheer exaggerations, brother. I assure you (and I have studied this subject well), that there was hardly such a thing as a decent goblet of vin-de-pays to be found in all Rome, even in Lucullus's time. There was some tolerable Greek wine imported, it is true, though I never greatly fancied the Greek wines,

myself, the South side Cretan always excepted; but our native specimens were alike ill-grown and ill-cured. Indeed, it was a common saying in my day (you may have heard of it, perhaps), that the very first time that four different wines were ever seen on a Roman table, was at a public dinner, given by Julius Cæsar, on occasion of his third purchase of (I beg your pardon, election to, I should have said) the Consulship. Does not that fact speak volumes? No, no, this great department of epicurism was never fairly investigated, till Augustus took the reins. Under him, and his successor, my imperial master, we *bons vivans* entered upon it with true enthusiasm, and with what I had hitherto thought a scientific acumen. I myself have had the credit of giving some valuable suggestions concerning it; but, Vatel, after what I have seen, and smelt, and tasted this day, I am constrained to confess that we were mere babies alongside of you moderns.

Vat. Well, I can the more readily believe you, brother, when I see the wonderful improvements in our French wines, since I flourished. By the way, I was glad to see that you relished the Champagne.

Ap. I did, indeed. It was no great novelty

to me, however. We had abundance of sweet, sparkling wines, in my day. To be sure, that thimbleful that you cut out of the heart of that frozen bottle, was divine. A bright idea that, brother; brighter never entered the lovely head of Hebe herself.

Vat. Rather a wicked whim, though. I was a little ashamed of it, afterwards, I confess. But the chambertin, brother; you found that a rich, fruity wine, did you not?

Ap. An able-bodied liquor, truly. The Romanée, though, for my money.

Vat. That was a hit.

Ap. Corpo di Baccho, what a bouquet! And then the pleasant way in which it was served; its air of repose in that wicker cradle, the affectionate veneration with which the garçon regarded it, the paternal tenderness with which he handled it, and his evident delight when you pronounced that emphatic eulogy; altogether, brother, it formed a scene truly impressive. Oh, dear, how I should love to take a dozen of it with me! It would hardly stand the sky-voyage, though, I fear.

Vat. No, it's a poor traveller. I have never tasted any out of France, worth drinking; or coffee either, as to that matter. While I think

of it, brother, you rather neglected those chocolate ices.

Ap. Not at all; a new and most agreeable sensation to me. A wonderful fabric that, Vatel.

Vat. One of our most interesting *specialités*. I was quite surprised to find so much talent, capital, and labor embarked in it.

Ap. Quite a novelty, too, on earth; is it not?

Vat. In this form, certainly. You noticed that copy of the Pantheon, in the Rue Vivienne, as we passed?

Ap. I did, and was much edified by it. I had seen occasional jelly-versions of our own Pantheon, on Roman supper-tables, but nothing comparable to this.

Vat. The first chocolate church on record, I believe. It impressed me vastly, I must say; and, indeed, just before meeting you, I had had quite a talk with the proprietor concerning it; a very civil person, who showed me all the beautiful and ingenious machinery employed in the manufacture. It seems that he had, before this, nearly completed a miniature edition of the Madeleine, in the same material; but, unluckily, some naughty children

fell upon it, one afternoon, during his absence, and before he returned, had quite devoured the entire western front.

Ap. Ah?

Vat. Yes, the sacrilegious young wretches!

Ap. But, holloa, what are you about, brother?

Vat. Merely pocketing my portion of the sugar. Those other two lumps are yours.

Ap. Thank you, thank you. Beautiful things they are, too. Bless me, how they sparkle! Nothing during our feast has more impressed me, Vatel, than this superb product of your modern ingenuity. Do tell me, how is it made? Are there not many, and tedious, and expensive processes implied in such a result?

Vat. Neither many nor costly. The history of the sugar manufacture is most curious and instructive, however, and one I have reflected a good deal upon; but were I to undertake to do the theme justice, brother, we should have to forego our Opera to-night.

Ap. That would never do.

Vat. I will give you some documents upon the subject, though, before we leave the planet, that will tell you all about it.

Ap. I shall be greatly obliged to you. There

were several other points, too, more especially relating to the dessert, on which I greatly need illumination. By the way, speaking of the dessert, how is it, brother, that you had never a syllable of praise to give to that charming Gertrude Russe?

Vat. Gertrude Russe? Charlotte, Charlotte Russe, if you please.

Ap. I ask your pardon; Charlotte Russe. Do you know, I thought that a very, very delicious dish?

Vat. A well-balanced effort. It might have been fresher, however. Of course, you had it at your Roman restaurants?

Ap. Our Roman restaurants? Bah! Didn't I tell you, brother, that we had nothing worthy of the name? No reputable dish or guest was ever seen in one; vile, vile holes, I assure you.

Vat. And the *Carte?*

Ap. Nothing, nothing of the sort on *any* table. Our dishes, as I said before, were announced viva voce, and the more distinguished ones, with musical accompaniments.

Vat. True, true. Who gave the best dinners in Rome, in your day, brother? I mean next to yourself, of course.

Ap. Well, on the whole, Sejanus. At one time, he had the greatest cook of the age; had he kept him, I have no doubt he would have eventually secured the imperial purple. In an evil hour they quarrelled, the artist left for other kitchens, the dinners fell, and down went the favorite. Next to him, Macer gave the most sumptuous entertainments; a miserable old wretch, by the way, and about three quarters crazy. You may have heard of him.

Vat. I have not had that pleasure.

Ap. He at times indulged in some of the most extraordinary caprices, in the way of dinners, that were ever heard of. Why, do you know, Vatel, that he actually served up an entire elephant once to his guests?

Vat. Mon Dieu! Boned, of course.

Ap. Not a bit of it; *in* its bones; roasted to a turn, too, and stuffed with chestnuts.

Vat. You amaze me. What a dish to carve!

Ap. Well, not so difficult as you might imagine. It rose through the floor, you must know, to the sound of music, gayly dressed from trunk to tail, in roses, ribbons, and evergreens; when fairly in its place, the master-cook gave the signal, whereupon a score of youthful carvers leaped upon

the creature, and the work of disintegration began, the band discoursing lively strains the while; the bones having been previously secured from falling, by some ingenious contrivance of the archimagirus. The process over, the animal descended in the same stately way in which he rose.

Vat. And you really found the creature palatable?

Ap. Well, to say truth, the sauce piquante which accompanied it, was so exceedingly pungent and savory, that it was hard to tell. One might have eaten one's grandsire with it, without repugnance.

Vat. What a monstrous whim, to be sure!

Ap. He was continually doing things just as extravagant. I supposed you had heard of him; the same who used to syringe his lettuces with mead, and moisten his cauliflowers with Massic. They even accused him, at one time, of throwing babies into his fish ponds.

Vat. The villain!

Ap. He, who began life, a barber's boy, and who lived to occupy the finest palace on the Cœlian; where he died at last of suffocation, by a pheasant bone.

Vat. He ought to have been choked in a very

different way, the wretch! Ah, those were rotten, rotten times, brother.

Ap. Yes, the less said about them the better. To return to the *Carte à manger;* I repeat it, brother, no such document as this was ever dreamed of by our epicures. Wonderful, wonderful work! The more I look at it, Vatel, the more I study it, the more and more am I lost in admiration and delight.

Vat. A clever compilation.

Ap. Such binding, too! What charming vignettes! What an orderly distribution of topics! What sweet, fanciful epithets, too, for the masterpieces! Oh dear, never till now was the belly-god truly worshipped! What a service! What a ritual! Ah, why couldn't I have been born in this century? Well, well!

Vat. Brother, brother, don't get excited. (*Offers him his box.*)

Ap. Thanks, thanks. By Jove, how delicious! One don't get a pinch of snuff like that in every planet. Well, well, as I was about to say, it *would* be strange, my friend, if you couldn't get up a better dinner than I ever did. When I think how mind has marched since my time, how all three kingdoms have been overrun, what innu-

merable precious secrets have been coaxed or forced out of old Alma Mater; and above all, of the great fact, that you have twice as large a planet to fill your larders and your casters from as I had, I *should* be surprised, indeed, if the cuisine had not advanced pari passu with all the other good things.

Vat. Still, you achieved some great successes in your time.

Ap. We did, we did. But ah, what's this, that somebody has written on the title-page here? *Sacred to the memory of Brillat-Savarin.* Who the deuce was he, pray?

Vat. Is it possible you have never met him? Why, he is our great oracle in all culinary matters, and has written on the divine art, most divinely. If you leave Paris without a copy of the ***Physiologie du Gout***, I shall never forgive you. By the way, Apicius, there is a treatise on this subject, with your name appended to it. Do, for heaven's sake, relieve my mind at once, by disclaiming all connection with it.

Ap. I do. I have seen the trash you refer to. It is an arrant forgery. I *did* leave behind me some notes on pastry, however, and special instructions concerning them in my will; but whether my executors obeyed them or not, I have

never been able to find out. You may possibly have stumbled over a stray copy, brother.

Vat. Alas, no! They are lost, I fear, for ever. I am delighted, though, to hear you disavow the other performance, for it is, indeed, most unmitigated rubbish; the very opposite, in all respects, of brother Savarin's work; which, for philosophical arrangement, judicious reflections, purity of style, and piquancy of anecdotes, cannot be surpassed. Those preliminary aphorisms of his are positively delicious.

Ap. Indeed? I must have a copy, by all means. But surely, of all our innumerable gastronomic treatises, to say nothing of those of our Greek brethren, a good many must have descended to posterity. How is it, Vatel?

Vat. No, no, no: quite the reverse, I assure you. Pretty much all we know about your classical dinners, comes through brother Athenæus. His delightful work, thank heaven, is safe.

Ap. He speaks pretty freely of me in it, I am told.

Vat. Somewhat so, yet with evident admiration. A charming book, Apicius; full of pleasant gossip and piquant poetry. It was my favorite Sunday reading, here below.

Ap. I dare say. Ah well, it's easy to theo-

rize and prattle about these matters; but to create, to execute, there's the rub. You never told me, by the way, who was the artist par excellence of the day.

Vat. The ruling cook on earth, this moment, they tell me, is Soyer.

Ap. Soyer?

Vat. The same. His first name I am not so sure of; Achille, or Hercule, I forget which. Something heroic, at all events, as it ought to be. I have seen one or two of his performances, and was really charmed. A true artist. Others may have surpassed him in fertility of invention, or in brilliancy of imagination; but for general excellence, and broad, comprehensive views, he is entitled to all praise. He is, moreover, as his work entitled *Thoughts on the Products of Perigord*, abundantly proves, a diligent, conscientious student. Yes, a great, a reliable master; or as your old poet so prettily expresses it,

> "An honest, genuine cook,
> Who from his childhood long has learnt the art,
> And knows its great effects, and has its rules
> Deep buried in his mind."

I was pleased to hear, by the way, that the Emperor has just sent him the Grand Cross of the

legion of honor, as a recognition of his great services to humanity.

Ap. Oh, how I should love to sit under his ministry! Where is he officiating now?

Vat. He is at present ruling the roast in London. He is now executing, they tell me, a series of diplomatic dinners, which will, no doubt, soon bring the Eastern question to a satisfactory solution.

Ap. Ah brother, I shall have to ask you for another pinch of that transcendent snuff of yours.

Vat. With the greatest pleasure.

Ap. What a treat, what a treat! Do tell us, Vatel, where is the next best place (out of France, I mean) to go to for a dinner? How do you think I would like the English cooking?

Vat. Not over well.

Ap. The Dutch cuisine, they tell me—

Vat. Bah, bah, bah! Give Holland the widest berth possible.

Ap. Indeed! Italy, perhaps?

Vat. There are stray artists in Italy, certainly, of true genius; mostly of Gallic descent, however. I have seen divine cooking in Milan; but, my friend, the times are quite too much out of joint there, either for faithful roasting, or tranquil eat-

ing. If you really intend taking another terrestrial dinner before you go, I should say, take it, by all means, in Vienna. You'll be sure of finding fair soups there, capital wines, and downright genius in the pudding department.

Ap. I *did* think somewhat of taking a peep at, and meal in America, before my departure. What say you ?

Vat. Oh, don't throw away your appetite in that style.

Ap. Why, is there nothing fit to eat there ?

Vat. I don't say that. There are too many of my countrymen there, not to have taught them something. Still, the national genius don't incline that way. Nature, indeed, has been most liberal towards them, in the way of game, fish, and fruits. Especially has she endowed their coasts with oysters that are, indeed, worthy of the attention of an Apicius. (*A. bows.*) But they are only beginning to avail themselves of her munificence. I have heard, it is true, of certain dishes, as prepared by the aged colored female cooks of the country, that reveal a pretty talent. Fame reports favorably of their stewed terrapins, and fricasseed chickens. As a general thing, however, the art is in its infancy there. Both cooking and

eating, I am told, are alike hasty, ill-considered, and tumultuous.

Ap. Indeed!

Vat. Yes; and besides that, there's altogether too much democracy below stairs, there, for great culinary effects. A sad want of discipline, I hear.

Ap. You don't approve of democracy, then, in kitchens?

Vat. No more than I do on shipboard. Prompt and unqualified obedience to the edicts of the chef is the first great law of the kitchen. There can be no laurels won without it. Of course, we must have beside the clear head, the tranquil mind, the ample purse, and the sufficient buttery; but above all, I repeat it, absolute, absolute sway.

Ap. Sound doctrine, and succinctly stated. I shall not dine in America. But how is it with the South Pacific and African cuisines? Is there nothing there deserving an epicure's attention?

Vat. Cela dépend. If you have a penchant for a bit of half-cooked missionary, or the leg of a cold slave or so, you can doubtless be accommodated. Whale *en salmi* is the favorite national dish at the islands, I believe. You'll find it a great delicacy, no doubt.

Ap. Thank you, thank you.

Vat. But why not let well enough alone? If you are bound to stay another day on earth, stick to our worthy hosts, and be happy. I wish to heaven I could stay with you.

Ap. Why can't you?

Vat. It is out of the question. I have a grand birthday banquet to prepare to-morrow, for a select party, in the Star Valeria; one which will require all my thought and skill. I must be far away from here, by sunrise. But come, brother, if we are going to take our little promenade in the garden, before the Opera, it's high time we were in motion.

Ap. Let's see; what did you say the Opera was?

Vat. The Prophète. Viardot-Garcia is sublime in it. The ballet, too, is superb. I'll show you some pantomimic effects, to-night, Apicius, that will astonish you.

Ap. Don't be too sure of that. I was a contemporary of Bathyllus, remember.

Vat. Yes, yes. A very great artist, certainly; but there's a female dancer in this piece, who in beauty of limb, lustre of eye, and grace of style, is absolutely divine. All Paris is at her feet, I assure you.

Ap. Indeed! I shall be delighted to see her. And now for our promenade.

Vat. Allons donc. [*Exeunt*

SEJANUS—RICHARD III.

[SCENE—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.]

Rich. Here we are, here we are: one of the last places on earth I would willingly have come to.

Sej. Oh well, if it is so very irksome to you, let's be off forthwith.

Rich. Not at all, not at all. Now you *are* here, make the most of it. Come, put your feet and eyes in motion.

Sej. But why so peremptory? Is it strange that I should feel some little curiosity about the scenes of your earthly villanies? Besides, didn't I show you all over Rome, without grumbling?

Rich. You're right. I ask your pardon. But, bustle, bustle; we've no time to lose. One little hour more, and then—

Sej. We must return to our torments. Even so; well, well, well!

Rich. Pshaw, no whining, brother; be yourself. Well, how do you like the looks of things here? Very different from your Roman temples, isn't it?

Sej. It is, indeed; most commanding, though, most beautiful.

Rich. By St. Paul, I hardly know the place myself, they have made such changes here.

Sej. How admirably those columns are disposed! What graceful arches, too! What a superb roof! This is really charming.

Rich. A clever piece of work, certainly.

Sej. Such a goodly congregation of statues, too!

Rich. Quite a mob of them. We've no time to make their acquaintance, though. Pretty fellows, are they not? And accurate likenesses, no doubt. No flattery here, oh no, nor falsehood. Not a lie carved on any of these pedestals, nor beneath any of these profiles. Gospel truth, gospel truth, every syllable. Ha, ha, ha!

Sej. (*Aside.*) How bitter he is to-day! Well, well, brother, say what you will, this is a right princely assemblage, and 'twas a noble thought, that of convening it. For all your sarcasms, you would be right glad of a niche here, and an honorable mention; you know you would.

Rich. Bah! Don't be so absurd. Marry come up, Sejanus, are you turning penitent, all at once, in your spiritual old age, and preacher, too? Dr. Sejanus! Ha, ha, ha; that is a good one.

Sej. I am no penitent, my friend; and as to sermons, there is surely no lack of them in the stones around us. I must say, though, that I think that diabolical chuckle of yours not altogether in the best taste, in a place like this.

Rich. You think so, do you? Ha, ha, ha! Come, come, ghost, none of your nonsense. But what the deuce are you lingering over, there?

Sej. A most superb bas-relief.

Rich. What about, pray?

Sej. It is the representation of a shipwreck; and done with wonderful spirit. Let's see; in whose honor is it? *Sir, Sir*—I can't make it out. Do come and spell this word, brother, if you please.

Rich. Where is it? Where is it? (*reads.*) *Sir Cloudesely Shovell.* Shovell? Phœbus, what a name! What's all this? *Rear-Admiral of Great Britain—long and faithful services—lost off the rocks of Scilly.* Why here's at least an acre of it. Catch me ploughing through all those hard words, and long adjectives! Come, come,

don't waste your time on such rigmarole as this! But, by Jove, there's a pleasant-looking old gentleman, yonder. Can you make out the name, Sejanus, at this distance?

Sej. What, that seated figure, in a brown study? Let's see; Isaac—Isaac—W-a-t—Watts, if I read it right.

Rich. Watts, Watts, Watts? Surely, that name is familiar to me. Watts? Oh, true, true; I remember; one of the worthy divines that I stood between, in the gallery, when I showed myself to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen; ha, ha, ha!

Sej. (*Aside.*) That infernal laugh again!

Rich. Some pious descendant of his, I dare say. That was a capital joke, to be sure! And the way in which that fat-witted old fellow of a Mayor swallowed the bait, it was too ridiculous. My powers of face-keeping were never taxed so severely before or since. A precious brace of bishops, truly!

Sej. A very different person this, I should say; so far, at least, as I can decipher the inscription. But, by heavens, what a magnificent monument!

Rich. Ah, what are you gaping over now, pray?

Sej. Here, to the left. Don't you see? A lovely creature, truly! Who is it? Mrs.—Mrs.—

Rich. Nightingale, Nightingale.

Sej. Ah yes. Isn't she charming? I declare, that side face reminds me very much of Livia's; far more sweetness of expression, though. Surely you admire that figure, brother?

Rich. So, so. That's her fool of a husband, I suppose, that's trying to keep off the dart of Old Dry-bones, yonder. Exquisite idea! *He's* the gem of the group.

Sej. Oh well, sneer away, sneer away. You are in an unusually savage humor to-day, Richard.

Rich. And you in a most lackadaisical one. What *has* come over you? But ah, here we are, now, in a part of the church really worth looking at. There's a choir for you! Isn't it fine?

Sej. It is, indeed.

Rich. Great alterations, though, since my day. All that finery in the lantern is quite new to me. That altar-piece, too, has a wonderfully fresh look; and yet it accords entirely with my recollections. That mosaic pavement, though, I'll swear to that.

Sej. Ah!

Rich. Yes, Sejanus, that is the identical pavement on which I knelt at my coronation.

Sej. Indeed!

Rich. The same. 'Tis now almost four centu-

ries since, and yet how vividly can I recall the scene. Jesu! how the old archbishop rattled off the coronation-oath! I don't wonder he was a little nervous. My poor silly Anne, too, she cried and shook like an aspen, all through the service. I was not altogether easy, myself, I must say, nor ventured to look about me much. I *did* catch Buckingham's eye once, though. God's chickens, what an awfully solemn face the rascal had made up for the occasion! There was a great abundance of demure priests in attendance, I remember; ay, and of good stout halberdiers within call, to secure us against interruption. Catesby, the varlet, had looked well to that business. There have been more brilliant spectacles within these walls, certainly. But, considering that we had only one day's notice, brother, it was not badly done. Quite a respectable show on the whole, in the way both of banners and costumes. Ah, how glad I was to have the farce over! You had no occasion, I believe, for any such ridiculous display yourself; eh, Sejanus?

Sej. Alas, no!

Rich. Well, you needn't be so downhearted about it. It wasn't your fault, my ghost. You tried your best, Satan knows.

Sej. Tried my best ?

Rich. Ay, truly, and showed a deal of cleverness. But the Emperor was too deep for you; ha, ha, ha !

Sej. Well, you needn't laugh over it, thus savagely. If you had had a Tiberius to deal with, you might have come off second best yourself.

Rich. Not I, i'faith.

Sej. Ah, you don't know him, you don't know him.

Rich. I beg yonr pardon. I know the ghost as well as you do; one of the shrewdest, deepest fiends, I grant you, in all our dominions; but he wouldn't have gulled me in that way; not he; neither in nor out of the body. No, no, Sejanus, that last move of yours was a sad blunder. Had you, instead of snapping at that bait of the tribuneship, which you ought to have suspected at once as a mere trick, from the very fact that the letter in question was entrusted to your notorious enemy; had you, I say, left Rome with a few trusty followers, the very moment you heard of Macro's arrival, and made straight for Capreæ, you might have secured the diadem.

Sej. Oh, no, no; you talk very learnedly about

this matter, Richard; but how, in Pluto's name, could I have left Rome at that time?

Rich. Pshaw! The idea that he who wielded the heaviest purse in the realm, could not have bought his way through those gates, unquestioned! I repeat it; you should have gone straight to Capreæ, made good your landing in the night, hoodwinked the guards on duty, which you might easily have done by some plausible story or other, and so have pierced the tyrant to the heart, yes, in his very bed.

Sej. A likely project, truly, when every road was lined with spies, and the island itself surrounded with them! Such a scheme would have been sheer madness.

Rich. On the contrary, had it been conducted with proper spirit and caution, I have no doubt it would have been crowned with success; ay, or ever your absence from Rome had been fairly suspected. And if so, can there be any question that the Prætorian guards would have installed you in the vacant chair, with acclamations? Nay, had the attempt failed, would not its very boldness and brilliancy have for ever vindicated your fame, in the eyes of every true soldier? But to act as you did; to fall plump into the net with your

eyes open; through the instrumentality, too, of such a third-rate scoundrel as Macro; to be jeered at in the open Senate by your very tools; to be accused, deposed, condemned, sentenced, butchered, all in one little hour, and that by your own sheer mismanagement; I lose all patience, when I think of it.

Sej. I played my cards badly, I must confess. Well, well, what signifies it now? Why revive the past? You would have shown more spirit, you think, in my position, and more sagacity. Be it so, be it so. After all, what does it amount to? You gained the bauble, for which you sold your soul, and I did not—

Rich. But was fooled out of it by more cunning cut-throats; ha, ha, ha!

Sej. Enjoy your joke, my friend, enjoy your joke. And yet, I think I had the best of it, after all. I would not have changed places with you, if I could.

Rich. Of course not, of course not.

Sej. Come, come, Richard, I know your history quite as well as you know mine, and can enlarge upon it quite as rhetorically. Precious little comfort or profit did your crown bring you, my friend.

Rich. You think so, do you ?

Sej. Ay ; nor do I believe a more tumultuous, wretched reign is to be found in all earth's annals. You needn't stare so. I know all about you. And, indeed, 'twas but yesterday that Macbeth was rehearsing to me your miserable story.

Rich. Poor devil ! He favored you with my biography, did he ? By the way, Sejanus, why did he refuse to come with us to-day ? What was it he said, in reply to your invitation ?

Sej. Well, he muttered so, that I could hardly make out his answer. He seemed to think, however, that bad as he was, he was altogether too good company for you.

Rich. He be hanged, the whining fool ! What *did* he say about me, though, eh ?

Sej. He called you all sorts of hard names, you may be sure, and drew a most graphic picture of all your villanies and murders, both before and after your coronation.

Rich. Ah ? You found it vastly amusing, no doubt.

Sej. And after all, said he, what did he gain by it ? After wading to the throne, through the blood of his kinsmen, what one solid comfort did

he find there? Did he ever taste a meal in peace from that hour? Did not the curses of his subjects pursue him by day, and hideous dreams torment him by night? And after a few brief years of turmoil and bloodshed, was not that same bauble, for which he bartered his eternal jewel, plucked from his brows on the battle-field (as mine was), after he had been pierced to the heart, by the very man whom of all others he most feared and hated, and withal affected to despise? Was not his wretched, misshapen carcass treated with scorn by his own soldiers? flung ignominiously across the back of a mule, and finally hid away in a dark corner of some country church, whilst the rabble were jeering and cursing outside?

Rich. Indeed! Brother M. seems to have gone into all the particulars.

Sej. But was it not so?

Rich. His statement is substantially correct, I must say. My funeral was by no means regal, hardly respectable, indeed, in its appointments. And yet, Sejanus, I was a lucky dog, compared with yourself, in this regard. I *did* have some sort of a resting-place for my remains, some sort of a burial service read over me, and was not

chopped into mince-meat by my fellow-townsmen; eh, my boy? Come, come, don't frown so; no offence meant. But what else had our sentimental Macbeth to say on the occasion?

Sej. Well, he kept on moralizing, for some time, in his usual lachrymose vein, and concluded by remarking, "Well, well, Sejanus, after all, I can't help pitying the dog at times, for between ourselves, notwithstanding his affected bluster and bravado, I do not believe there is a more wretched spirit in all the realms of darkness."

Rich. I am vastly obliged to him for his sympathy, ha, ha, ha! But holloa, what, in old Nick's name, are they doing in yon organ loft?

Sej. Hush, hush! By Jove, what a superb instrument!

Rich. Curse their voluntaries, say I.

Sej. Not in our line, exactly, to be sure. Glorious, though, isn't it? Ah, voices, too? Bless me, what a cluster of young choristers! Some rehearsal, I suppose. What sweet voices! There's harmony for you!

Rich. Oh, confound their caterwauling! Come, come, our time grows precious. There are other chapels here, which I suppose you will insist on being shown through.

Sej. If agreeable to you, certainly.

Rich. Come on, then, come on. Ah, here's a familiar spot to me. How dilapidated, though!

Sej. Whose shrine is this, pray?

Rich. Ha, ha, ha! Why, whose *should* it be, but that of our sainted brother Edward? The only one of us all, I believe, who ever suffered canonization. Edward the Confessor; that law-loving, priest-ridden imbecile; the last of the Saxons, forsooth! You must have heard of him.

Sej. Not that I remember. But what a splendid ruin!

Rich. It was a magnificent thing in my day. Time and thieves seem to have made sad havoc with it.

Sej. Exquisite, exquisite—but ah, what Latin epitaph is this, alongside of it? Not remarkably elegant, by the way.

Rich. That tells you all about the manifold virtues of Edith, his Queen. A good, quiet sort of a body, they say, and a needlewoman of decided genius. Ah, Sejanus, we are in choice company here. See you yon pale wench, lying in state on her bed of stone? That's Queen Eleanor, wife of our glorious Edward; old Ned Longshanks, as we used to call him. There was a princely

fellow for you, and a fighter after Mars's own heart! Coriolanus would have found his match there, let me tell you. Ah, why couldn't *I* have had such a reign? Well, well!

Sej. And where may his tomb be?

Rich. Here, to the right; snug lodgings, are they not? And yonder hangs his good old iron sword.

Sej. Ah? What a formidable weapon!

Rich. And his trusty shield by its side. Here's another, too, of the same princely stamp; our fifth Harry.

Sej. Ah, where, where?

Rich. In this sumptuous tomb behind you; Harry of Monmouth. You know his history, then?

Sej. Oh yes, I have heard speak of him, more than once. Rather a wild youth, was he not?

Rich. A hard chicken, truly; sadly given to sack, and to purse-cutting; he and his fat friend. Had he lived, though, the chicken would have ripened into the most glorious old cock that ever sat upon a throne. Poor lad, he had but a short time to fight in; long enough, though, to flutter the Frenchmen at Agincourt. Glory enough,

that, for *one* ghost. But what have they done with his pretty Queen, I wonder? I don't see her monument.

Sej. He found time to marry, then?

Rich. Yes, and the handsomest woman of her day, Catherine of France. A most off-hand, characteristic courtship it was, too.

Sej. Somewhat in your own style, I suppose; but what outlandish piece of furniture is this, pray? More suited to a kitchen than a chapel, I should say.

Rich. What, that chair? Speak respectfully of that relic, if you please. That chair, Sejanus, is the very one I sat in, at my coronation.

Sej. Indeed?

Rich. Even so; and many a crowned head before me. Yes, two centuries before my day, was it brought here in triumph, by that brave king Edward, of whom I was speaking to you just now, as a memorial of his victories in Scotland.

Sej. And this other?

Rich. That's a stranger to me.

Sej. Neither of them has any superfluous beauty to boast of, I must say; (*sits.*) nor comfort either, as to that matter.

Rich. You would have preferred a seat in a Roman one, no doubt.

Sej. Come, come, Richard, don't revive that subject, I beseech of you. By the way, you never told me the meaning of all these bas-reliefs round us. What quaint old things they are!

Rich. Pshaw! We can't stop to study out all that trash.

Sej. Trash? I beg your pardon; some of these figures are full of spirit and expression. What are they intended to illustrate?

Rich. Oh, nothing that would interest you, Sejanus; a parcel of absurd legends, hatched in the brains of lazy priests, and referring to the adventures and miracles of our sainted brother, yonder. Come, come, reserve your eye-sight for something a little more respectable.

Sej. As you will. But, by Jove, what magnificent chapel is this, that we are approaching?

Rich. Magnificent, indeed! Something since my time, evidently.

Sej. What superb gates!

Rich. Take care, take care, ghost; here's another step, here. (*They enter Henry VII.'s chapel.*)

Sej. Ah, this surpasses all. Heavens, what a *coup d'œil!* One hardly knows where to begin, in this wilderness of splendors. It would take a month, at least, to make out that ceiling, crowded as it is with images. Ah, more of those superb columns; such capitals, too! And above all, this wood-work; what exquisite, exquisite carving! I never saw any thing like it on earth, before. A right royal mausoleum, truly! Talk of the splendors of our capital, forsooth!

Rich. You seem pleased, brother.

Sej. I am indeed delighted. But do tell us; where are we, and in whose honor is all this magnificence? Those old banners, too, above our heads, those battered shields and helmets, these quaint armorial devices, what do they all signify? Emblems and trophies, no doubt, of glorious, hard-fought fields; but when, where, with whom? Can you not explain, brother?

Rich. (*Aside.*) Out upon this untimely curiosity of his! I might have expected as much, though.

Sej. This princely monument, too; what royal pair have we here, reposing in these rich robes, on this sumptuous tomb, beneath this dainty canopy? These statues, too, these crowned and twisted

roses, what *do* they typify? Ah, why do you start thus?

Rich. (*Aside.*) Oh, curse him, curse him, curse him!

Sej. Why, what is the matter? Wherefore do you frown and mutter so? Ah yes, I see, I see. How *could* I have been so indiscreet? I ask ten thousand pardons, Richard. I would not willingly have wounded your feelings, I'm sure. Come, let's be off at once.

Rich. Poh, poh, not at all. 'Twas a mere passing twinge. I'm myself again. A right princely tomb, Sejanus, as you say: a little too much ornament about it for my taste; still, very creditable to the artist. Flattering likenesses, though; especially that of Elizabeth. Proud thing, she never looked half so well as this.

Sej. Here's a queer device, though, in the corner; a crown, surrounded by shrubbery. How do you interpret that, Richard?

Rich. Some fling at me, no doubt; a weak invention of the sculptor.

Sej. Ah, there's no end to the splendid tombs here. But what majestic creature is that, I wonder, to the left of us?

Rich. Queen Bess, I'll swear to it, though I never yet laid eyes on her. Am I not right?

Sej. You are.

Rich. And with all her trinkets on. There's a dainty dish of worms' meat for you, eh, Sejanus?

Sej. Fie, fie, Richard, don't be so sarcastic. Do let me read this glorious inscription. What a list of virtues and exploits we have here! Noble, noble woman!

Rich. A prettily varnished narrative, I dare say. But what the devil does this mean? Is it possible that those vile brats have been removed hither? Sejanus, Sejanus.

Sej. Well, what is it? (*Aside.*) Bless me, how furious he looks!

Rich. Translate that epitaph, if you please.

Sej. Which do you mean?

Rich. In the corner here.

Sej. (*After reading it.*) If you insist, certainly. You are pretty roughly handled in it, though.

Rich. Out with it, out with it. (*Sejanus translates the lines.*) And is it possible that that vile profligate, Charles, has presumed to insult me in this open and scandalous manner? *Their perfidious uncle, Richard, the usurper.* So, so; he

shall hear from me, for this, depend upon it. And you, Sejanus, curse your impertinent curiosity, that has subjected me to such vexations. Let us leave this vile place forthwith.

Sej. Certainly, certainly. I meant no harm, I assure you.

Rich. Pshaw! No apologies; come away, come away.

Sej. Not quite so fast, though. I can't keep up with you. Where, the old boy, is he hurrying me to, I wonder? Holloa, here's a fine group of figures. What part of the church may this be? Richard, Richard, do stop a moment, my brain is in a complete whirl. Where are we?

Rich. I'll be hanged if I can tell myself. Just ask that old fellow with the umbrella, yonder. Well, well, what does he say, what does he say?

Sej. Not over civil, certainly. A grunt, a stare, and the two words, Poets' Corner, were all I could get out of him.

Rich. Poets' Corner? Oh yes, yes, I remember; the very spot that Kit Marlowe was growling to me about the other day. He seemed to take it very hard, that his ugly phiz was not among the rest here. A precious nest of them, truly!

Sej. Ah! There he is, there he is.

Rich. Why, what's the matter?

Sej. The bard of bards, the greatest soul that ever dwelt in flesh. Isn't he a glorious looking fellow? I wouldn't have missed seeing him for worlds. What are you scowling about, Richard? Is this the way in which you receive your divine countryman?

Rich. Bah, bah, bah! (*Aside.*) Of all the ghosts in the universe, the very last I ever wish to lay eyes on.

Sej. How's that, how's that?

Rich. (*Aside.*) But for him, and his vile plays, I might have been almost forgotten, by this time; or, at least, have slumbered quietly in the pages of dull historians. As to that impertinent epitaph in yonder chapel, it would in time have crumbled into dust; but now am I doomed to an ignominy, as lasting as it is world-wide; yes, insulted, howled at, cursed nightly in the play-houses of all lands; made a perfect bugbear of; a bye-word for all that is treacherous and bloody, the earth over. No doubt I shall be caricatured and massacred, this very night, in at least a score of barns, on this very island. Well, well, well, why grumble about it? 'Tis but a part of the price we villains must

pay for our misdeeds; some starveling poet is sure to overtake us, some creature whose very existence we would have ignored in the body, and with a few strokes of his pen, consigns us to immortal infamy.

Sej. What *are* you soliloquizing about so grimly?

Rich. Oh, nothing, nothing. (*Clock strikes.*) I am really sorry, Sejanus, to tear you away from such agreeable company, but that monitor tells us that our hour is up, and we must hence, hence to our tortures.

Sej. Not yet, not yet, surely. I compared chronometers with Beelzebub the very moment we left, and we agreed to a hair. We have full ten earthly minutes yet at our disposal. And while I think of it, Richard, do grant me one little favor more.

Rich. What is it, what is it?

Sej. Just fly over with me to St. Paul's. I must have one passing glance, before I go, at the interior of that majestic dome, and at the monuments beneath it.

Rich. Oh, pshaw! You have had enough of tombs for one visit.

Sej. Come, come, do be obliging. I shall pro-

bably never trouble you with another such request again.

Rich. Well, well, I'll humor you. This way, this way. [*Exeunt.*

MARCUS BRUTUS—JOHN ADAMS.

[SCENE—BUNKER HILL.]

Bru. Well, brother, the hour of our departure is approaching. Let me again express to you the admiration and delight with which this visit has been attended. I have but one cause of regret, indeed; that we may not longer protract it, and that I must leave so much unseen. I should have liked, I confess, to have flown over to the Pacific, and called at your new possessions there; to have traced that iron road that is to unite the two oceans; to have explored those famous mines that are destined to work such a revolution in earthly affairs; those coasts, that are so soon to be the centre of a world-wide commerce. It would have gratified me, also, to have remained longer at your seat of government, and to have watched its workings. Need I tell you, too, how reluctantly I turned my back on Niagara, and its majestic music? Well, well, let me be thankful for what

I have seen, and reserve these other privileges for some future visit.

Ad. I am right glad, Marcus, that you feel so well paid for your trouble.

Bru. A thousand fold. Great as my expectations were, glowing as your accounts were, the reality far outstrips them all. I had no conception whatever of the extent and the resources of the Republic. And as to your Constitution, brother, beautiful and lucid as have been the explanations of it, so often made to me by brothers Jay, and Madison, and Marshall; graphic as have been the narratives of our dear brother Hamilton, concerning its formation, and the debates, toils, perils, that accompanied it; yet, when I come to see the glorious instrument itself in operation, I feel as if the half had not been told me. I confess I am lost in wonder, alike at the colossal scale on which it is constructed, the beauty and solidity of the workmanship, the promptness, economy and ease, with which it performs its labors, and emphatically, with the divine strength which it manifests in every part. Every other system of earthly government, that I have ever heard or read of, seems to me most bungling and inefficient in comparison. All honor and praise to its illustrious

founders, and to you, my dear friend, as one of the master builders.

Ad. Thanks, thanks, Marcus; such a tribute, from so true a patriot, is most grateful to my feelings, I assure you.

Bru. I speak warmly, brother, for I feel deeply. Oh, why could *I* not have had such co-laborers, have achieved a similar success for our poor Rome?

Ad. We tried our best, certainly; nor have any reason to be ashamed of our work, so far.

Bru. I was about to add, brother, that the experiences of the last day or two have been especially delightful to me; our visit to your own homestead; (may the graces and the virtues ever, as now, adorn and bless it!) our pilgrimage to Plymouth, and Concord, and Lexington, and other holy spots in your annals; our meditations at Marshfield; our charming sojourn at Old Harvard, with brother Walker; the innumerable objects of interest that you have shown and explained to me in this beautiful city beneath us, the institutions dedicated to commerce, science, art, charity, many of them perfect novelties to me, both in conception and execution; I say again, the instruction and pleasure I have derived from all these things,

I can neither exaggerate nor forget: especially, under the guidance of *such* a cicerone. I fear I have somewhat taxed your patience, though, at times, with my many and minute inquiries.

Ad. Not at all, not at all. On the contrary, I have been quite as much interested as yourself in our visit; especially the Boston part of it. I cannot tell you how surprised I have been at the improvements that have taken place here, in the little quarter of a century that has elapsed since my departure from earth; or how infinitely more brilliant, varied and animated, this very picture at our feet has become. I find far more and finer ships in our harbor; superb steamers, too, from our own, and from foreign ports; wonderful inventions and triumphs of genius, in yonder Navy Yard; stately houses, in our immediate neighborhood, not one of which was standing in my day. Then the introduction of these Cochituate waters, a noble enterprise: I cannot turn my head, indeed, without seeing new churches and factories, and turnpikes and villas, and gardens; long lines of dwellings, and docks and warehouses, filled with the merchandise of all climes; and then, the amazing multiplication, in these few years, of objects of utility and elegance, in all the shops we have visited!

Bru. Wonderful, wonderful! By the way, brother, not the least conspicuous and interesting among them, was that magnificent copy of your own works, as edited by your kinsman. Mehercule, what *would* the clerk have said had he known who it was that was asking about them!

Ad. A gratifying circumstance that, Marcus. But, above all, my friend, these magical wires, threading all these streets, charged with their mysterious messages; and these hardly less wonderful railways that we see radiating in all directions, with their huge depôts, and their enormous trains of passengers and merchandise, coming and going continually. Ah, there we have the steam whistle again. So far from being wearied with this scene, every moment reveals some new feature in it. I shall turn my back upon it quite as reluctantly as yourself, I assure you.

Bru. Well may you, well may you. Most fortunate of mortals, and of spirits! Ah, how different was my earthly career from yours, brother! *What* a contrast! Only look at it for a moment. *I* died, by my own hand, on the field of battle, ere I had reached the maturity of my powers; died full of grief and bitterness; feeling that the glorious cause for which I had made such

struggles and sacrifices, was irredeemably lost; that, with me, perished all the hopes of the Republic, and that never more would Rome's streets be trod by freemen. Even as I lay gasping in the last agonies, what sad visions passed before me; what images of coming horrors; what forms of bloodstained kings, in long and dismal procession; and at its close him whom I had slain, pointing at them, and beckoning with a triumphant scorn upon his ghastly features. Oh, the anguish of that moment! I will not attempt to describe it. And now I return to Rome, after the lapse of ages, and I find all these gloomy forebodings fulfilled, an hundred-fold; I find every where the traces of these same imperial, ay, and papal wretches (with some few honorable exceptions, brother, in either roll), and of the misery and ruin that have followed in their train. I find a scene of desolation and decay, alike in the character and fortunes of my countrymen, as universal as humiliating; and no ray of hope to relieve the picture. *You*, brother, died in peace, full of years and honors, surrounded by loving and revering kindred; died after seeing your efforts for freedom crowned with success unparalleled, and the wildest visions that your youth painted of your country's

prosperity, grow pale and dim before the magnificent reality; died after having received the highest offices a grateful people could bestow, and after seeing them transferred to your illustrious son; died on the very anniversary of the republic that you founded; nay, on the very day of jubilee itself, at the very moment when thousands were pronouncing your eulogy, or invoking God's blessing upon you, in all the churches of the land. And now, you revisit, with me, the scene of your earthly labors, and find already, in five and twenty little years, every where, a growth and a prosperity, far before your most sanguine expectations; find a future of inconceivable power and glory in store for your America. I say again, brother, look at these two pictures, and mark the bitter contrast between our destinies.

Ad. Too true, Marcus, too true.

Bru. Yes, brother; clearly as I now understand the causes of this difference; readily as I can reconcile them to the divine wisdom and goodness, I yet cannot help exclaiming at times, in the bitterness of my heart, Why were these things so? Why was it, that of two patriots, alike truthful, earnest, fervent—alike fortified by the teachings of reason and experience, yet the career

of one should have been rewarded with such a crown of glory, while the other was doomed, at almost every step, to encounter disappointment and disaster?

Ad. But, brother, *will* this contrast of destinies hold good unto the end? Will this vision of power and glory to come, ever be realized in America? On the contrary, were I to revisit this spot with you, twenty centuries hence, might I not find a picture here, as sad as that which hath lately so grieved your spirit at Rome? May not the course of this nation have been run, long ere that time,—this happy family of states have been broken up and destroyed,—the very land itself laid waste by barbarian hordes? Who shall say? Who shall say? A sad thought, certainly, that this dear city that I now gaze on with such joy and pride, may, long ere that day, have become as silent and desolate as Nineveh herself; that this beautiful bay, alive with industry, that sends daily forth its winged representatives to every port of earth, may, ere then, have shared the fate of Tyre, or Carthage; this holy hill have become another Palatine in its sorrows; this monument itself, in whose pleasant shade we are now standing, the loftiest ever reared by mortals to valor

and patriotism, if not overthrown, at least, overlooking a scene of desolation, its foundations buried in weeds, the very path leading to it beset by brigands, prowling for the lives of such adventurous travellers as may fondly seek to explore its site. Extravagant as this picture seems, Marcus, who knows but what this same destiny is in store for our poor land?

Bru. Not so, not so; or if America's death-hour must come at last, not in twenty centuries, brother, no, nor in fifty: a hundred ages, at least, of glorious life are before her; a career, as utterly without precedent in human annals, as has been hitherto every circumstance of her origin and progress. Who shall presume to paint that future, to body forth the wonders it is to witness; the multiform triumphs of industry, the peaceful victories of art and science, the fair cities now slumbering in the womb of time, and the smiling fields that are to environ them? I am not the poet, or the prophet, brother, to dwell upon a theme like this. Your own Webster, indeed, might fitly have declaimed upon it; your own Homer, yet unborn, will sing its praises worthily in the coming ages. But I feel, that for no less a consummation were all these mighty preparations made, that we see

around us, and in the past. For no less an end were these majestic valleys rolled out, these mineral treasures stored away, these noble rivers set in motion, these inland seas whose borders already sparkle with shining cities. For no less an end than this, came forth the Mayflower and her holy band of Pilgrims, who, with prayers and hymns, planted these colonies; for no less an end was summoned that immortal First Congress in which you, brother, played a part so illustrious; no consummation less magnificent, could worthily crown the labors of a Washington.

Ad. God grant that it may prove so! But, my dear Marcus, while you have been thus lavish of your eulogies, and of these brilliant anticipations, not a word has escaped your lips, during our visit, in the way of rebuke or warning. And yet, you, like myself, must have seen many things to annoy and grieve you. Nay, I have caught you once or twice frowning, in spite of yourself. Come, brother, let us compare notes on these points, for one little moment, before we take our flight.

Bru. I confess, my pleasure *has* been, at times, somewhat marred by certan disagreeable occurrences; but as your guest, I hardly thought it courteous to—

Ad. Why not? Why not? Speak out, my dear friend, speak out.

Bru. Well, with your leave, I will glance very briefly at one or two topics of annoyance. On the momentous and painful subject of slavery, brother, I have nothing to say, except to express my confidence, that it is not destined to imperil your blessed Union, but that the disease will, in God's good time, be safely eradicated from the body politic.

Ad. No doubt, no doubt; that is, if we deal with it as wise physicians, not as mountebanks; as brethren, not as fanatics. But I must not interrupt you.

Bru. One thing, then, that has especially disappointed, nay, grieved me, has been our visit to Mount Vernon. I was really shocked to see such an air of neglect and decay there, such an absence of appropriate embellishments, such a paucity of visitors, and those apparently so apathetic, and above all, a mausoleum so insignificant and tasteless. Why, brother, I can hardly recall one, on our Appian, so utterly without claims to regard. I expected to find a most stately monument there, rich in inscriptions and bas-reliefs; at least, some image in bronze or marble, worthy of the illus-

trious patriot. I took it for granted, that this sacred spot was in the possession of the Government, and that they had long ago summoned the highest genius of the land, in every walk of art, to go thither, and fitly to perpetuate such virtues and achievements. I looked for shrines, to which pilgrims might resort on festal days in high procession; chapels, where patriotism might put up appropriate vows and prayers; the pleasant music of fountains, too, and whispering groves, whose grateful shade might invite the wanderings of the statesman and the scholar: but no, not one of these tributes did I find there, and I repeat it, I was both amazed and grieved at such evidences of national indifference, nay, ingratitude. Pardon my plainness.

Ad. Not at all, not at all: every word you have uttered is just, and such neglect is utterly disgraceful to the nation.

Bru. Another thing that I was right sorry to see, was while we were at Washington; I refer to the undignified behavior of some of your members of Congress, and more particularly, those of the lower house. They seemed to me to have no fit appreciation of their responsibilities, or of the lofty character of the trusts reposed in them. One rep-

resentative, indeed, was guilty of an outrage, which, to say truth, I hardly dare mention to you.

Ad. Ah, what was it, what was it?

Bru. Will you believe me, when I tell you that in the midst of that most interesting debate on the subject of your Foreign Relations, of which we heard a portion, the person in question actually drew from the folds of his tunic, a huge uncouth-looking object, which he straightway proceeded to cut into slices, and devour? Yes, brother, on the very floor of the house. I was perfectly thunderstruck.

Ad. I saw it, I saw it. The wretch you speak of, actually consumed the greater part of a Bologna sausage. I was inexpressibly disgusted, brother; and what mortified me most of all was, that the house quietly submitted to the affront, instead of ordering the sergeant-at-arms to expel the offender forthwith.

Bru. I never witnessed a thing of the kind before, I must say, in this or any other world. Our Roman Senate, in its worst days, would not, for a moment, have tolerated such a violation of decorum.

Ad. Well, well, it must have been done in

some sudden fit of lunacy, to which this poor mortal is, doubtless, subject; and so no notice was taken of the affair. Else should I tremble for the Republic, indeed.

Bru. There were other members, too, who seemed to me most uncouth creatures, alike in their costume, manners, and language. Several were actually sitting with their feet upon their desks, talking loudly, reading letters and papers, paying no attention whatever to the public business, or respect to the presiding officer. Many of them, moreover, were incessantly ejecting from their mouths, streams of a certain black unsavory looking liquid (what, I know not), in all directions; not even sparing the beautiful pillars of the hall from their assaults. These perpetual showers, I must confess, appeared to me a most unfit accompaniment to the solemn duties of law-givers.

Ad. Yes, indeed, and a most vile, pernicious habit. This, my dear friend, as well as the other abominations to which you have alluded, were, I need not tell you, utterly unknown to our First Congress. I have been exceedingly annoyed by them, and have at times, drawn most unfavorable omens from them. Thank heaven, though, these offenders are, after all, a very small minority, in

either house, and as brother Winthrop told us, are daily diminishing in numbers.

Bru. While I think of it, brother, your Supreme Court also disappointed me. I speak not of the Judges, but of the Hall of Judgment itself. You may consider it an old-fashioned Roman prejudice; but I certainly expected to find a far more spacious and stately chamber, fitly adorned with allegorical figures, and the images of the illustrious dead; more circumstances of dignity and awe, accompanying the administration of justice; yes, a far more rigorous attention to costume and ceremonial. Am I right, or not?

Ad. Perfectly so; the idea of hiding away the most august tribunal of earth, in such a barn of a place as that; it is alike niggardly and disgraceful to us.

Bru. While I am finding fault, brother, let me add, that your capitol itself, with all its showy outside, seemed to me to be wanting in majesty and repose, and the objects of art, in and about it, with few exceptions, to be unworthy of the place they occupied, and the events they illustrated. The whole town, indeed, lacked that picturesqueness and impressiveness, that my imagination (unreasonably, no doubt) had ascribed to it. And as

to its society, brother, I must again plead guilty to great disappointment. Our visit at the President's was, on the whole, far from gratifying to me. Not but what we found some charming mortals there, men and women of grace and culture; but far, far more rude, and selfish, and turbulent ones. There was, indeed, throughout the entertainment, a lack of ease, and elegance, and discipline, that quite shocked my antique notions of propriety. I speak plainly, you see.

Ad. And justly.

Bru. But, brother, that which has most struck me, after all, during our visit, has been the almost entire absence, throughout the land, of historical monuments, and of the images of the illustrious heroes and fathers of the republic. I have been utterly surprised to see so few of them, either in your dwellings, churches, halls of learning and of legislation, or in the public squares and gardens of your cities. I can recall but one colossal statue, indeed, worthy of the name, at the seat of government itself (a grand one, truly, and which our own Forum might have been proud of); but one, at Baltimore; but one (of our excellent brother Penn) at the thriving Philadelphia; *not* one, in the gay and opulent New York; and strange

to say, only one here in your own classic Boston, and that not out under the sky, where the children of men may gaze freely upon it. To think that in all this mighty nation, and that, too, after more than a half century has elapsed since his departure, there is not a single equestrian statue of the Pater Patriæ to be found! Why is this, brother? Why has one not been erected, long ago, in that beautiful Common? Why are *you* not there, with all the honors, and your illustrious kinsmen and compeers? James Otis, too, the lion-hearted orator, of whom you were speaking to me, the other day, with such enthusiasm; why are not the boys playing, this very afternoon, about his pedestal?

Ad. Why not, indeed? Ah, Marcus, the true answers to these questions reflect but little credit on the nation. There is no excuse whatever for such negligence—such ingratitude. Time, money, materials, artists, heroes, are abundant enough, Heaven knows; but, alas! that true love of art, which can alone call into being, and multiply such images, abides not in the hearts of the people. They are quite too much taken up with things material and useful to find room for the spiritual and beautiful. Even the merchant-princes of this

dear old patriot-haunted city, good men and true though they be, full of generous and noble impulses, are yet quite too little impressible by works of genius, too little recognize their divine meaning and mission. To all other claims upon their purses will they respond more liberally than to those of Art. This very monument, brother, could it speak, would confirm my assertion. Its secret history is any thing but pleasant to dwell upon; so many delays and heart-burnings, and sneers of the illiberal, and vain appeals to patriotic feeling were there, between corner-stone and cap-stone. So Brother Webster was telling me but recently.

Bru. I am sorry to hear it. As a work of art, however, brother, I must say it has disappointed me greatly.

Ad. Ah, how so?

Bru. Well, it seems to me sadly wanting, both in elegance and in expression.

Ad. A plain shaft, truly. By the way, Marcus, did you hear that flippant criticism upon it at the very moment that we alighted here, evidently by a mortal of Britannic extraction? Why, the varlet actually mistook it, he said, for a shot-tower, or the chimney of some factory.

Bru. There is too much foundation for the sneer, certainly.

Ad. And yet this very plainness and massiveness were thought at the time, I remember, best to typify the unadorned, solid virtues of those whom it commemorates.

Bru. Still, brother, there might have been some little light shed upon its history, I think, by word, or image.

Ad. Yes; but does not every school-boy between the seas know that history by heart? Your own speech over Cæsar is not more familiar to them.

Bru. Strangers do not, however. Besides, the obelisk does not harmonize, to my eye, with the superb picture around it. And if so now, how much more glaring will the contrast be, when a few more centuries will have added a thousandfold to the beauty and brilliancy of the scene.

Ad. Well, well, the men of those days must put up another here, that will better accord with the genius of the place.

Bru. They will, undoubtedly; and a masterwork of Art it will be, too. Still, my dear friend, I would not be understood as speaking disrespectfully of a monument, so associated with words of

power and wisdom, as this is. The most delightful and exciting part of our visit I have never mentioned to you, after all.

Ad. Ah?

Bru. I mean the perusal of those magnificent discourses which you got for me yesterday at Brother Ticknor's. Do you know I was bending over them all night, so intensely interested was I. I refer not merely to those especially illustrative of this spot, but to the majestic Plymouth discourse; and, grandest of them all, to that oration in honor of yourself, and your brother-patriot. Most fortunate of men, as in all things else, so in having such a eulogist! I know not where to find its equal in our own, or modern times. Certainly nothing approaching to it was ever heard in the Athenian Agora, or in our own Forum.

Ad. I think so. Some, though, would call this very extravagant praise, brother.

Bru. Posterity will sanction it, depend upon it, and will pronounce that, for grasp of thought, universality of sympathy, orderly arrangement of topics, clearness of exposition, freedom from all affectation of brilliancy or originality,—but, above all, for fervent, outgushing patriotism, and glorious

outbursts of passion, the orations of Daniel Webster stand alone in earthly eloquence.

Ad. I believe it; I believe it. Brother Fox, by the way, expressed himself to me on this subject the other day, in almost the same language; Brother Calhoun, likewise, notwithstanding his earthly prejudices and jealousies. But, Marcus, the sun is fast approaching the horizon.

Bru. True, true; and I must not delay my flight another moment.

Ad. Are your engagements so very pressing, then?

Bru. They are, indeed. Early to-morrow I have my report to present.

Ad. Ah, yes. You were on the point of telling me about it when that beautiful meteor distracted our attention.

Bru. The matter is simply this. The people of the two hemispheres of the star where I now reside have long had an unpleasant quarrel on their hands.

Ad. Some boundary business, I suppose.

Bru. The same; and they have done me the honor of making me umpire between them. An arduous task, brother, but of course there was no declining it. The papers are all ready at last,

however, and to-morrow I am to read my decision before the Commissioners of the respective parties. I have worked pretty faithfully in the matter, I assure you, and, indeed, was right glad to have a few days' recreation with you before finally settling the controversy. But come, brother, I should like very much to read to you some passages from the Report in question, and have your opinion concerning them; that is, if compatible with your other stellar arrangements.

Ad. With all my heart. I should love to see the document. I am curious, too, to know how far you have applied the doctrines of earthly international law to the points in discussion.

Bru. You will be surprised to see how freely I have used them. And yet, why surprised? Are not equity and good sense the same things now that they have been, time out of mind, the universe over?

Ad. True, true.

Bru. But come, let's be off. You have no objections, I suppose, to stopping a few moments at Arcturus. I have a message to deliver to Brother Cassius.

Ad. Certainly not; at your service.

[*Exeunt.*

PRAXITELES—CANOVA.

[SCENE—VATICAN.]

Can. A nice little collection, isn't it, brother?

Prax. Superb, superb! I begin to grow weary, though, I must say. Pray, how many more miles of it are there?

Can. Well, we are nearly through the sculptures; and then, my dear boy, I have got some of the divinest pictures to show you that ever mortal or immortal eyes feasted on. But we have the day before us, and so let's take things coolly. Ah, here we are at the cabinet of the Apollo. Come, what say you to sitting down quietly before his godship for a few moments? We might be in worse company, I assure you.

Prax. Right willingly.

[*They enter the cabinet.*

Prax. Heavens and earth!

Can. Why, what's the matter?

Prax. Is it possible? *Can* I be so deceived? Surely—

Can. (*Aside.*) What excites him so, I wonder?

Prax. And in such wonderful preservation, too! The same, the very same, by Jove!

Can. Why, brother, what has put you in such a fever all of a sudden?

Prax. Oh nothing, nothing. I have only run against an old acquaintance here; that's all.

Can. What, do you mean to say that—

Prax. I mean to say that yonder divinity is my own workmanship.

Can. Body of Bacchus, you don't tell me so! Oh, how delighted I am to hear it. Come to my arms, my dear ghost! come to my arms! Bravo, bravo, bravo!

Prax (*Disengaging himself.*) This is really very gratifying, Canova; though it took me a little by surprise, I confess.

Can. Ah, Praxiteles, if you only knew what we moderns thought of this same statue—

Prax. Indeed?

Can. Yes, truly. Only one other stone on earth has ever created such a furore among the children of men, and *that* we always supposed was

yours ; but now, to claim this other masterpiece—but are you quite sure there is no mistake here ?

Prax. None whatever, my friend. And now that I look at it again, I can recall all the particulars of its history.

Can. Ah, do tell us ; do tell us.

Prax. Yes, though more than twenty centuries have gone to their graves since then.

Can. But where was this ?

Prax. And yet it looks as fresh as if it had left my studio but yesterday.

Can. You don't answer me, brother.

Prax. I beg ten thousand pardons. At Athens —at Athens, of course.

Can. Yes ; but when, where ? Who ordered it, and how was it received by your brother-artists ? And, above all, what did you charge the lucky dog of a purchaser ? A round sum, I warrant you.

Prax. It was not purchased by an individual, but was ordered expressly by the citizens of Tenedos, as one of the ornaments of the portico of their famous temple. It was well received, certainly, even by the fastidious Athenians. Lysippus himself, I remember, though never very partial to my performances, had a good word to say for it. One circumstance connected with it I shall never forget.

Can. Ah, what was that?

Prax. Alexander the Great looked in at my studio the very day before it was shipped for its place of destination, and complimented me right warmly on the occasion. I hardly dare tell you the number of talents he offered me for it, or his regret when he found that it was already bespoken.

Can. No wonder.

Prax. He had no eyes, indeed, for any thing else; though the Phryne herself was standing right alongside of it. Ah dear, how vividly the scene rises before me! I had not been in a very amiable mood, all the morning, I remember, and, to confess the truth, had thrown my mallet at the head of a saucy student, hardly a moment before the prince entered. After long gazing in silence upon the statue, he suddenly burst forth in his impetuous way, with a long passage from Homer's hymn to the god. Admirably recited it was, too.

Can. An eccentric person, was he not?

Prax. Very, very! After finishing the poetry, he shook me most warmly by the hand; and on discovering that the work was not for sale, he insisted on a copy, at my earliest leisure; and without looking at any thing else in the studio, retired

as abruptly as he entered. We have never met since.

Can. You sent him the copy, of course.

Prax. No; it was never executed, either by myself, or by my son, Cephissodorus; though I gave him positive instructions so to do on my death-bed. But really, Canova, it is unspeakably gratifying to me to find the work in such admirable preservation, and, as you have intimated, still in such high favor with the critics.

Can. It is, indeed. As I said before, your Venus alone has more admirers; though I myself wouldn't exchange it for a hundred such goddesses. And so the glory of our Museum has found an owner, at last; and thus does Fame, as ever, render justice, however tardily, unto her children! Ah, Praxiteles! accustomed as you are to admiration, even *your* ghostly head would be turned a little, I fear, were you to know how many thousand fine things are continually said about this statue; how many brilliant verses, in all tongues, have been written upon it; how many lovely women have been bewitched by it; how many volumes of criticisms and conjectures learned antiquaries have devoted to it.

Prax. Is it possible? Pray, how came it here? I should like to trace its history, I confess.

Can. Well, there is no very satisfactory information on the point. The most commonly received story is, that our good king Nero, while travelling in Greece, some eighteen hundred years since, saw the piece in question, with several other *capo-d'opere* of your school, and was so charmed with them, that he took possession forthwith, without ever stopping to inquire into prices or ownerships, and had them transferred to his villa at Antium. At all events, your god was dug up there, about four centuries ago, and received with great enthusiasm on his re-appearance; and if the honest truth were told, has probably far more idolators to-day than ever he had. But for more minute particulars, Praxiteles, allow me to refer you to our dear brother Winckelmann.

Prax. Indeed! I have heard of the ghost, but have not yet had the pleasure of meeting him. And so one monarch basely stole what another vainly sought to purchase. But where may this Antium have been?

Can. Antium? Why, you surely know the place. For a long time one of the most charming towns upon our seaboard, and the pet residence of

many emperors. Of late centuries, to be sure, it has been a mere heap of rubbish; beneath which, my friend, this beautiful creation of yours lay forgotten for ages. But now, thank heaven, the god has come forth again to taste his own glorious sunlight, and to gladden us all with his presence.

Prax. A strange history, certainly.

Can. All these marble brethren about us, could they speak, would have as strange ones to tell.

Prax. No doubt. But, Canova, where are all the modern works? Surely these magnificent halls are not entirely devoted to us ancients?

Can. They are, indeed, with one slight exception.

Prax. What exception?

Can. Well, you must know that that dear old soul, Pius VII., during whose pontificate I had my studio in the metropolis, took quite a fancy to me, and to my performances.

Prax. I can readily believe that, brother.

Can. And in consideration of my long and faithful services in the cause of art (so he was pleased to express himself), ordered certain pieces of mine to be bought, and bestowed upon them the unprecedented honor of a place in this other-

wise purely classical collection. I hardly deserved such a compliment, but was very much gratified by it, I confess.

Prax. Indeed; where are they—where are they?

Can. In a cabinet hard by; but really, Praxiteles, I hardly dare venture to show them to so illustrious ——

Prax. Poh, poh! I insist upon seeing them.

Can. As you will, brother. This way, if you please. (*They enter the cabinet of the Perseus.*)

Prax. Bravo, bravissimo!

Can. Ah, that's very polite in you, Praxiteles; but I am fully aware, my friend, of the wide gulf between us.

Prax. Pshaw! don't talk so. An admirable figure, truly; full of life, and grace, and expression. You ought to be proud of it, indeed! These Wrestlers, too, are they yours?

Can. They are.

Prax. Capital—capital! The idea of apologizing for such works as these! Why, my friend, they would have drawn crowds about them at Delphi, or at Olympia. That's not our Parian marble, by the way?

Can. No; that comes from Carrara: an inferior article, certainly.

Prax. Still, a very pretty quality of stone.

Can. But, Praxiteles, you must not consider these my *chefs-d'œuvres*, thus honored as they are by his Holiness. Ah, no! I should have been far more pleased to have shown you my Dancers, and my Graces, and my Magdalene; or even my Pauline, far inferior, as she must needs be, to your glorious Phryne.

Prax. I am not so sure of that. But I should dearly love to see the works you speak of. Are they in Rome at present?

Can. Only the Pauline. The rest are scattered far and wide. But, brother, you never told me what you considered your own master-pieces. Pray, had you any other studio than that at Athens?

Prax. Oh, yes; I had another at Corinth, and a most delightfully situated one at Sicyon, not far from that of Lysippus. My principal one, however, was at Tarentum, where I spent the latter half of my life, and where, with my two sons, I executed some of my most important works.

Can. Asking pardon for the inquiry, Praxiteles, were you long in the flesh?

Prax. Threescore years to a day. Not a long life, brother, but quite a busy one. At one time, I had nearly forty students under me.

Can. Is it possible? You *must* have turned out a deal of work.

Prax. Yes, indeed. Not a town in Greece was there of any consequence, or island in the Ægean, but what had some god, or goddess, of mine in it. Then we were overrun with orders at home, and from Sicily. My Hours and Graces were called for continually, I remember; not to speak of several complete sets of the Muses. At one time we had no less than half a dozen Colossi under our supervision in as many seaports.

Can. Dio mio!

Prax. Then our historical monuments were not few, and some of them very massive and elaborate; to say nothing of thousands of sarcophagi, and urns and busts without number.

Can. You didn't confine yourself to statues, then?

Prax. No, indeed! Our relief-work was the largest, and most lucrative branch of our labors; friezes, pediments, votive tablets, fancy-pieces of all sorts and dimensions; yes, league after league of sacred and triumphal processions. As I said

before, there was not a temple or palace in Greece worth speaking of but what had something in it, or on it, from my studios.

Can. You amaze me. I used to think myself somewhat of a worker here below, but nothing, nothing compared to this. And is it possible, that, of all this world of beauty and majesty, only some half a dozen representatives have descended to us; and of these, not one, till to-day, satisfactorily authenticated! Still, my dear friend, you have not answered my question. Which one of these multiform works of yours did you set most store by? Which had most of your heart and soul impressed upon it?

Prax. Well, let me see. There was a group of Cupid and Psyche, which I executed for a dear Athenian friend, that I confess I was quite proud of. It cost me a world of thought, I know, at the time, and of all my performances, seemed to me best to express my ideas of the beautiful. I allude more particularly to the head of the Psyche. That, and a group of Sappho and Phaon, were decidedly my favorites.

Can. And what became of that?

Prax. It was sent to Miletus. But my most popular work was the Cnidian Venus. It made

quite a sensation in its day. By the way, is that one of the half dozen fortunate survivors that you were speaking of just now?

Can. There seems to be some doubt on that point. There is a sad wreck of a statue in the Louvre, with a divine beauty still lingering over it, that our Parisian brethren call by that name; while, on the other hand, some of our Florentine friends (as I think, most unreasonably) persist in giving it to your Venus de'Medici. For myself, Praxiteles, I fear the dear goddess is for ever lost to earth; most probably, shattered to fragments, ages since. She may possibly, though, like your Apollo, be slumbering in some unexplored villa in the neighborhood; for that she was stolen and brought hither by some one or other of our deified emperors, I have no doubt. But brother, as I said before, I am perfectly amazed at the extent and variety of your labors. As an interpreter of the beautiful, your fame is, indeed, world-wide; but I had no idea that you had done such wonders in the heroic style. Did you work much in bronze?

Prax. Not much; nor, indeed, in the heroic. That department was far more worthily filled by Lysippus. I made an Aratus, to be sure, for the

Sicyonians, which was well received ; and a colossal Epaminondas for the Thebans, which some indiscreet admirers used to speak of in the same breath with Phidias's Themistocles. Decidedly the most gratifying occurrence in my professional career was an invitation from the Athenians to restore a Pericles of his.

Can. Ah !

Prax. Yes. It had long been one of the ornaments of the Lyceum, but the citizens seemed to think that it did not occupy a sufficiently conspicuous position. Owing to the carelessness of the workmen, who were accordingly employed in moving it to a more eligible one, it had a bad fall, and was seriously injured. I need not tell you with what fear and trembling I entered upon my task, or of the little satisfaction it gave me when finished. Yes, I may as well own it, Canova, I *did* sacrifice altogether too much to the Graces. My heroes, the best of them, had quite too effeminate an air. My attempts at the sublime were seldom very successful. The poorest thing I ever did was a Hercules in Repose. That work, I most sincerely trust, is no longer extant.

Can. I have never heard of it. By the way, did you paint many of your statues ?

Prax. Oh yes, to please customers; never willingly, however: never any of my best efforts. Like the rest of my brethren, I was compelled at times to sacrifice my own ideas to national prejudices, or to the whims of individuals. Some of my goddesses had rosy cheeks, and glass eyes in their heads, and golden ornaments around their necks. I always looked upon it as an abomination, however.

Can. How was it with your Apollo? Did any paint or jewelry ever profane that divine image?

Prax. Never, never!

Can. I am delighted to hear you say so. You must know that there has been an attempt here in town lately to revive the wax-work style of sculpture; in a quarter, too, where I should least have expected it.

Prax. Indeed!

Can. Yes; and by a former favorite pupil of mine, for whose talents I have the highest respect. I am very sorry to see him in this false position.

Prax. So am I. I have no faith in such innovations. Let each Muse attend to her own proper duties. Surely the domain of each is broad and fair enough to labor in, without wantonly invading

that of her neighbor. But, brother, isn't it time to be in motion again ?

Can. One little question, while I think of it, Praxiteles. What was your last performance on earth ?

Prax. Well, strange to say, I was making a design for an urn, which was to have held the ashes of a friend of mine, but in which, as it turned out, my own were deposited.

Can. That *is* curious ; and what is equally so, a somewhat similar accident befell me.

Prax. Ah ! how so ? Where *are* your ashes, brother ?

Can. My bones repose just where I wished them to be, in my native village, alongside of my excellent mother's ; but my heart is in far more sumptuous quarters,—namely, in the very monument (and, though I say it, Praxiteles, a most magnificent one) which I designed in honor of my illustrious brother-artist, Titian.

Prax. A strange coincidence, certainly. But the sun is getting low, brother.

Can. True ; and we want a good light for the Transfiguration. Ah, Praxiteles, now look out for a feast. While we cheerfully accord the palm to

you classical lads, in the department of sculpture, we defy you to show pictures with us.

Prax. I have heard great things of your paintings. I have never met with Apelles' equal, though, thus far, I must say.

Can. Well, well, we shall see. But stop a moment.

Prax. Ah, what's the matter?

Can. I was thinking how we should best dispose of our time, for the rest of the day. Let's see; we shall, of course, have to postpone the Cartoons, and the Stanze, and the Loggie, to some other visit. We had better go at once, then, and take a good look at the Transfiguration, and the St. Jerome; after which, we will stop for a little minute, at the head of the southern staircase, to pay our respects to the beautiful face of dear brother Raphael; and then, if you say so, we will fly over to the Piazza di Spagna, and refresh ourselves with a strawberry ice, and a half hour's repose, and still have time enough to look in at brother Crawford's, and one or two other studios. Would this be agreeable to you, Praxiteles?

Prax. Perfectly so.

Can. I confess, I should like to have your opinion of brother C.'s Washington Monument.

I had a cursory glance at it, the other day, and it really seemed to me to be a performance worthy of the very best days of Greek art. To be sure, it is rather more in brother Phidias's walk, than yours; but there are a great many bright things there, besides, in clay, plaster, and marble, and among them, some most lovely children. His Children in the Wood, I am sure, you'll be charmed with.

Prax. I dare say. But what is the subject, sad or frolicsome?

Can. I'll tell you the story as we go along. If you don't pronounce it one of the most delicious bits of pathos ever put in marble, I shall be disappointed. After that, we'll look in upon brother Gibson for a moment. He always has something good at his fingers' ends. And then, perhaps, we will call on sister Hosmer.

Prax. And so you have women-sculptors in town, have you?

Can. Well, she is the only one, I believe, at present.

Prax. An Italian, I suppose.

Can. No, an American, and a right bright little body, I'm told; full of enthusiasm, full of talent. They tell me, moreover, that she has been

lately putting a Morning Star in stone, that is, indeed, a shining light. I am quite anxious to see it. And so you had no lady-carvers in Greece, in your day, Praxiteles?

Prax. I beg your pardon. There were at least half a dozen of celebrity, when I was in the body. Ah, dear!

Can. Why, what makes you sigh so?

Prax. I was thinking, Canova, of a dear little daughter of mine, who, had she remained on earth, would have been very illustrious in that way. Poor child! she never saw her seventh birth-day. You will hardly believe me, brother, when I tell you that, at the age of four, she executed, in lard, an admirable statue of a favorite kitten of hers. Oh, how her mother went on about it!

Can. That's not so very strange, though. I myself, at four, carved a very fair lion, in butter.

Prax. The deuce you did!

Can. Yes, and long before that, had modelled a capital mud-lobster. Ah! how well I remember the circumstance, and the bewildered look of the old nurse, who, with uplifted palm, was in the very act of administering chastisement to the naughty child, that *would* persist in playing in the dirt, when this wonderful performance caught her eye.

Dio mio, how she grinned! You don't remember your first attempt, do you, Praxiteles?

Prax. I do not, indeed. But come, come, brother, we are wasting daylight. We have got to be here again, to-night, you know, with our torches.

Can. True, to meet brothers Flaxman and Thorwaldsen. You know them both, of course.

Prax. Flaxman I know, and love. The Dane I have not yet seen.

Can. You'll be pleased with him, depend upon it. A right royal ghost and sculptor he is. The world, it is true, was rather slow to find him out, at first; but he is now, by common consent, placed at the head of us moderns.

Prax. You surprise me; I thought you occupied that position.

Can. Ah, no, no, no! To be sure, there was a time when I should have hated to acknowledge as much; but, thank heaven, I have long since outgrown all such pitiful jealousies. Yes, Praxiteles, his is a far deeper, and more thoughtful nature than mine, and his fancy a far more fruitful one. There is, moreover, a loftiness and purity in some of his works, quite without parallel, I think, in terrestrial art.

Prax. Indeed, I shall be most proud to meet him. Between ourselves, too, I am rather curious to hear brother Flaxman's criticism on the Apollo.

Can. Yes, but you mustn't betray the authorship.

Prax. Trust me for that. But come, Canova, we have not another moment to lose. Pray, where are these same wonderful pictures, that you were bragging about so?

Can. This way, brother, this way. [*Exeunt.*

PETRONIUS—D'ORSAY.

[SCENE—METROPOLITAN HALL.]

D'Or. Well, Petronius, how have you been pleased with the concert ?

Pet. Delighted, delighted !

D'Or. A superb orchestra, is it not ?

Pet. It is, indeed ; and the leader the most magnificent individual I've seen for many a day. Pray, what countryman is he ?

D'Or. A compatriot of mine ; quite a celebrity in his way, and an undoubted original ; perhaps the rarest combination of the enthusiast and the impostor now extant on earth ; sublimely vulgar, inexhaustibly impudent, delightfully good-natured, and, withal, a person of brilliant abilities. I confess, I admire the creature amazingly. How admirably, by the way, he conducted his forces through the mazes of that charming Prima Donna

waltz! You seemed to enjoy that piece vastly, brother.

Pet. Indeed, I did! Such a complete dedication of the whole man—hands, feet, arms, legs, head, and bâton, to the task before him, was delightful to behold. The air itself, too, was most agreeable.

D'Or. A sweet melody, and one that is making its way rapidly all over the globe. But what did you think of that symphony from Beethooven? Glorious! was it not?

Pet. Well, so far as I could follow it, I was gratified. Recollect, brother, that this was the first time I ever heard it; besides that, many of the instruments were perfect novelties to me. The andante movement I enjoyed exceedingly.

D'Or. Admirably rendered; and the allegro, still finer. You, of course, noticed the way in which that air was transferred from the violins to the violas, and so down to the double-basses?

Pet. I did; the effect was quite startling. Such a twanging of strings I never heard before, on or off the earth.

D'Or. An effect, to be sure, which the composer never contemplated; still, the transition was most gracefully done, while the execution itself

was the most surprising exhibition of musical gymnastics I ever witnessed. But the American Quadrille, Petronius, what say you to that? Between ourselves, brother, I thought you seemed a little bewildered, not to say alarmed, towards the close of that piece.

Pet. Well, to be candid, I *was* somewhat so. What with the sudden uprising of the audience, the deafening yells and cheers in all quarters, the waving of hats, slapping of rattans against the panels, poking of umbrellas, and what not, I was quite taken aback, I confess. And then those shoutings behind the scenes, and those tremendous and mysterious bangings and poundings, by way of finale! Is it strange, Count, that I was a little agitated? Dio mio, what a performance!

D'Or. An extraordinary musical hash, certainly. Not a very savory one to me, I must say. None of our national airs in either hemisphere are very felicitous efforts; but as for Yankee Doodle, I have no patience with it. Had the composer's object been to disgust and appal the enemy, well and good; but the idea of cheering on one's fellow-soldiers to victory, by such a villanous combination of sounds—bah, bah. How a great nation

could have adopted it for a moment, is to me amazing.

Pet. And yet, what a hold it seems to have on the popular heart!

D'Or. So it appears.

Pet. I actually thought the soles of my next neighbor's boots would have given way, so vehemently did he express his enthusiasm. It was a great relief to me, I assure you, when they struck up the Katydid Polka.

D'Or. Ah yes—a queer thing that; somewhat apart, perhaps, from the mission of music, this stepping aside to imitate beasts and insects; very cleverly done, nevertheless.

Pet. I liked the piece, I must say. As to the imitation, not having the pleasure of the insect's acquaintance, it was of course thrown away upon me. The audience were tickled with it, evidently.

D'Or. I see by the programme, that the Cricket Mazurka, and the Mosquito Quick-Step are in active preparation. But, Petronius, the Christmas Symphony; candidly now, what sort of an impression did that make upon you?

Pet. What, the Santa Claus?

D'Or. The same.

Pet. Well, I hardly know how to answer you.

As I said before, so many of the instruments and musical effects were entire strangers to me, that I was quite taken by surprise. The opening solo on the trumpet I remember with great satisfaction; and several of the passages for the flute and the hautboy, were positively delicious. The Synopsis bewildered me somewhat, I must say; as did the most unexpected introduction of those penny-drums and trumpets. On the whole, I was highly gratified, and withal, considerably mystified.

D'Or. My dear fellow, that was no time to puzzle over the Synopsis. You should have translated for yourself, as you went along. Afterwards, at your leisure, you might have compared your own version with the explanations of the composer; and I have no doubt, you would have been surprised at the resemblance between the two.

Pet. Very likely. As it was, I had a double translation before me, first of the music into Latin, and then of the Latin into English.

D'Or. No joke, that; you certainly earned all the pleasure you got.

Pet. But how did you like the Symphony, yourself?

D'Or. Exceedingly. It is a novelty, certainly, in the musical world, violating, as it does, without

scruple, all the old-fashioned rules for making Symphonies; rules, in my humble opinion, far more venerable than rational. As a piece of musical painting, I was charmed with it; full of fine touches, and dramatic effects. The episode of the perishing traveller was finely conceived, and the interpretation of it by the orchestra, admirable, indeed. I never heard such playing on earth, before. I should have preferred the non-introduction of the toy-trumpets, I confess; and a somewhat less close imitation of nature, in some passages; but with all its eccentricities and blemishes, and its too scornful violation of the conventionalities of the art, I liked it amazingly, and should have been proud to have been the author of it. But the gem of the evening, after all, brother, was that Solo by Bottesini. I am sure you must have been charmed with it.

Pet. I was alike delighted and astounded. What lightning-like rapidity of movement! What a range of notes! What infinite variety of expression!

D'Or. Those passages in harmonics were divine. How he contrives to extract such ethereal sounds from such a monster of an instrument, is to me inconceivable.

Pet. There's magic in it, depend upon it. He

positively makes a human being of the instrument; makes it sigh, sob, groan, howl, sing, laugh, exult.

D'Or. Yes, and as you say, with what amazing rapidity and precision does he sweep along, from those deep thunder-tones, up to the veriest peep of the sparrow.

Pet. I hardly know which to admire most, the genius that could have devised such a piece of workmanship, or that which extracts from it such startling effects.

D'Or. But, brother, they are about closing the gates. It is high time for us to be sauntering down towards the Astor House.

Pet. True, true. Bless me, what a fine night! How Jupiter sparkles! One wouldn't think, to look at him, that they were suffering so from drought, there.

D'Or. No, indeed. But to resume our criticism. Do tell us, what *would* Nero have said to such a performance as brother Bottesini's? Would it not have created an immense sensation at the Palatine?

Pet. Unquestionably.

D'Or. How would the Emperor probably have received the artist?

Pet. Ah, that's a harder question to answer.

You know what a capricious wretch he was. If in a good humor he would, no doubt, have overloaded him with compliments and presents; perhaps, have decreed him divine honors, and a statue of gold in some pet temple; if, in a peevish, jealous one, he would most likely have interrupted the performer in the midst of his solo, with an order to have him thrown from the Tarpeian Rock, and his instrument after him; or, perhaps, have had him strangled before his eyes, with his own bow-string. Just such a whimsical villain was he. You smile, Count.

D'Or. Oh, nothing; an idle thought. It merely occurred to me, that our modern public was just about as whimsical in its patronage of art, though certainly not so cruel as this imperial friend and murderer of yours. But was Nero really a man of decided musical talents?

Pet. Oh, yes, yes! Give Cerberus his due. Sanguinary monster that he was, utterly neglectful as he was of all the true interests of Rome, he yet developed a very pretty musical gift, and made some valuable improvements in the instruments of his day; more especially in the way of musical clocks and water-organs. I can remember, even now, with great pleasure, some of the tunes played

by them, both in the Golden House, and in his palace, at Antium.

D'Or. What sort of voice had he?

Pet. Well, a fair tenor, of no great compass, but agreeable quality. He accompanied himself very skilfully, both on harp and guitar. He wrote, moreover, some capital songs. You have heard many of them, I dare say.

D'Or. Not that I am aware of.

Pet. Indeed! You surprise me; for, odious as the wretch was, his melodies were great favorites, and deservedly so, all over the empire. Is it possible that there are none of them extant?

D'Or. Not a note, not a note. Why, do you know, Petronius, that, of all your Greek and Roman music, hardly a baker's dozen of notes survive, and those we are utterly at a loss to translate into any thing like melody?

Pet. Oh, you're joking!

D'Or. Not at all.

Pet. What, do you really mean to say that there is none of Pindar's music extant?

D'Or. I do.

Pet. Nor the delicious songs of Sappho?

D'Or. Alas, not a solitary strain.

Pet. Nor the melodies of Sophocles?

D'Or. Not one, not one! No, nor of all your glorious creations, or those of Greece, whether in the way of military, religious, or dramatic music, have we a fragment worth speaking of.

Pet. Heavens and earth! This *is* fame with a vengeance! Are you really in earnest, Count?

D'Or. I am, indeed. 'Tis a fact, alike sad and inexplicable; and a theme of never-ending regret to the scholar and the poet. What would we *not* give, indeed, to recall the strains that cheered on the victors at Marathon; or the solemn chants that accompanied the Panathenaic procession; or the bewitching melodies that held myriads spell-bound in your theatres; or the glorious outbursts that made vocal the woods of Olympia and Delphi? But they have all utterly perished. As I said just now, the sole representatives of all your antique music are a few paltry clusters of notes, the meaning and value of which we are utterly at a loss to determine. All attempts, hitherto, to make melodies out of them have resulted in most lugubrious and repulsive combinations of sounds, which every ear of taste peremptorily rejects as misinterpretations. Oh dear, how I should love to hear a genuine old hymn, or love-song of your time! Come, my dear fellow, do favor us with a specimen

or two. A single tune well turned by you would shed more light on this subject than whole tons of mystic German tomes. So strike up, if you please. Let's have a taste of Nero's compositions, or, better still, a verse or two from Sappho.

Pet. Oh no, Count, not here in the streets; that would never do. I have no objections to sing for you when we reach our lodgings.

D'Or. I shall be exceedingly obliged.

Pet. But I must again express my amazement, my friend, at what you tell me. Is it possible that not a single national air, or hymn, or choral ode of any sort, Greek or Roman, is to be heard to-day on earth?

D'Or. Even so.

Pet. And of all our innumerable treatises on the science, there is not a single survivor?

D'Or. Nothing worthy of the name. Some critics even laugh at the idea of calling music a science in your day.

Pet. Ridiculous!

D'Or. You had, then, a thorough, well-digested system of musical composition?

Pet. Why, certainly.

D'Or. And a regular series of scales and chords?

Pet. We had.

D'Or. And knew all about thorough-base and counterpoint?

Pet. We did.

D'Or. And had your fuguists and canon-writers?

Pet. Of course we had. Why multiply these idle questions, brother? As if our musicians had not as thoroughly investigated the laws of sound, and our science did not rest on precisely the same mathematical basis as your own! You moderns have certainly increased the number of our instruments, and have made some most desirable improvements in the old ones, and have thereby added greatly to the executive force of your orchestras, and to the variety of your musical effects; but for a lucid explanation of the principles of the art, and a happy mode of illustrating them, I can conceive of nothing superior to some of the treatises that were popular in my day. To be sure, I was too indolent and pleasure-seeking a man to study them as they deserved. But how, in the name of Heaven, they could have all perished thus from the face of the earth is incomprehensible. Are you sure, Count, of the fact? or, if so, have they been faithfully hunted up? Have you ex-

plored thoroughly all your old libraries? Have you searched diligently among the old homesteads of the Muses? Is it possible that neither Athens, nor Thebes, nor Corinth, nor Miletus, has ever rewarded the labors of the antiquarian with a solitary discovery?

D'Or. Never; not a single stray melody, or instrument, or even scrap of an instruction-book, have we ever found. I know of but one exception; a manuscript discovered at Herculaneum.

Pet. Ah!

D'Or. Yes; but like all the other MSS. there excavated, it was scorched to tinder; and after being unrolled with infinite pains and patience, turned out to be a most obscure and unsatisfactory production.

Pet. Do you remember the author's name?

D'Or. One Philodemus, I think it was. Did you ever hear of him?

Pet. Never.

D'Or. By the way, Petronius, a bright thought strikes me.

Pet. Ah, what is it?

D'Or. Why can't you be induced now to postpone your departure from the planet for a few days, and give us a short course of lectures on an-

cient music, with appropriate illustrations and accompaniments?

Pet. What, I?

D'Or. Yes; and at that same beautiful hall, which we have just left. You would positively be conferring a boon on the race. Apart from the pleasure and information given, you would incidentally destroy a huge mass of learned rubbish on the subject. What say you? You would have brilliant and crowded houses, depend upon it.

Pet. I doubt it. The mere curiosity of the thing might perhaps ensure one or two fair audiences; after that, empty benches would be the order of the evening.

D'Or. Do you think so?

Pet. I do. I have seen enough already of these fidgety, novelty-loving Yankees, to know that when I reached the more difficult and thought-tasking part of my subject, they would leave me alone in my glory. Besides, my other planetary arrangements are such as to make the thing quite out of the question.

D'Or. I am sorry to hear it.

Pet. There is a still better reason for not listening to your proposition.

D'Or. What is that?

Pet. My utter incompetency to the task.

D'Or. Oh, don't say that. On the contrary, you would handle your theme in such an airy, playful, and engaging way, as to make the very dryest part of it fascinating.

Pet. You are very polite, Count; but I assure you it is quite beyond my powers.

D'Or. Indeed? Why, I had an impression that you were a decided musical genius.

Pet. Not at all—not at all! It is true I had a most undeserved reputation in that, and other branches of art; and while my little day of court-favor lasted, a most ridiculous importance was attached to my opinions in all matters of taste.

D'Or. You were actually clothed, then, with those powers of arbitration, to which Tacitus alludes?

Pet. I was; for awhile there was no appeal from my pronunciamento upon the merits of a tragedy, or the shape of a helmet, or the fashion of a goblet, or the qualities of a vintage. In short, I laid down the law on these points in the same positive, peremptory way as you yourself did, my dear Count, in your time, on the cut of a coat, the tie of a cravat, or the properties of an Arabian;

though with by no means the same pretensions to sit in the seat of judgment.

D'Or. You flatter me, Petronius.

Pet. Not at all; nor am I insensible, brother, to your far higher claims on my admiration. I have heard of your poems, and pictures, and emphatically, of your statuettes; and, what is more, my friend, I don't intend to leave the planet until you have shown me some of them.

D'Or. You will not find them worth detaining you. Speaking of Arabians, by the way, Nero was a good judge of horse-flesh, was he not?

Pet. Excellent; he was, moreover, a charioteer of unquestioned talent. There was but one other man, indeed, in all Italy that could drive twenty-four in hand with him.

D'Or. Twenty-four in hand? You amaze me. I was a clever whip on earth myself, but never undertook a task like that. While I have the opportunity, Petronius, do let me ask you, was it Nero or Claudius that you have showered such cutting sarcasms on, in your Satyricon? The critics don't seem to be agreed on this point.

Pet. Claudius, Claudius, to be sure. But is it possible, Count, that that abominable work is still extant? I am right sorry to hear it.

D'Or. Well, you ought to be ashamed of it on some accounts, certainly.

Pet. I am, most heartily. Fie upon it! Would that it had perished ages ago! So wags the world! To think that time should have destroyed all the most precious music of antiquity, and yet have allowed such a scandalous production to survive!

D'Or. Not altogether so, brother. We have only some fragments of the work.

Pet. Confound them! Is there no way of blotting them out of existence?

D'Or. I fear not. They are altogether too witty, and too nasty, for the children of men willingly to lose sight of them. They will stand, I reckon, while the world stands; and in many tongues.

Pet. And to my eternal discredit. Well, well, I deserve it all; I deserve it, for thus vilely prostituting my talents.

D'Or. But don't be too severe on yourself, brother. For one, I confess that, with all its indecencies, there are parts of your book which are to me positively delicious. Such exquisite fun! such inimitable irony! I speak more particularly of the French version, by the way, not being so

familiar with the original. Your portraits, too, are so life-like ; your style so picturesque !

Pet. You are very kind, Count.

D'Or. Not at all. Then, again, there are sketches of the insolence, vulgarity, bestiality of the *nouveaux riches* of your day, that are invaluable to the student of ancient life and manners. Had your work perished, we moderns should have looked in vain for them elsewhere.

Pet. Indeed !

D'Or. Even so.

Pet. Infamous times those, Count.

D'Or. True ; and you have shown up their infamy most graphically : ay, both in prose and poetry. Those lines of yours on the Civil Wars are glorious !

Pet. I am glad you like them. I tried to make them good.

D'Or. With signal success, too. There is nothing in all Virgil finer than some of the descriptive passages, or in Juvenal, than the satirical ones.

Pet. Would to Heaven I had written nothing else.

D'Or. Some of those verses towards the commencement, where you set forth the frightful

prodigality and debauchery of the metropolis, I remember with especial pleasure. Let me see; how do they read? Ah yes, yes:—

"Lo, more profusion: citron tables brought
From Africa, enriched with golden stains;
Whole troops of slaves, bright purple tapestry,
Making their owners beggars. Round the board
So mischievously precious, drowned in wine,
Lie the imbruted revellers; his arms
The soldier leaves to rust, and banqueting
Consumes the wealth wrung from a plundered world."

These last lines, particularly, recall to me that brilliant picture I showed you on our way hither.

Pet. What, the *Décadence?*

D'Or. The same.

Pet. A magnificent composition. It is a compliment, indeed, to be named in the same breath with it. And yet, my dear Count, notwithstanding the kindness of your criticisms, I must again express my bitter regret at having ever given the Satyricon to the world, and would most gladly annihilate it, if I could, this very hour. Do change the subject, if you love me.

D'Or. With all my heart. But look out, brother, look out for that infernal omnibus. Con-

found these Jehus! The idea of whirling round the corner of a crowded street in that fashion!

Pet. These varlets care neither for man nor ghost, evidently. But is there no punishment for such outrages? Where are the guardians of the public peace?

D'Or. Where, indeed!

Pet. How the ruffians howled, too, and blasphemed round the doors of the hall!

D'Or. Most disgracefully.

Pet. Such volleys of tobacco-juice, likewise! I have got the marks of them here now, both on cloak and tunic.

D'Or. The beasts!

Pet. That's not the worst of it. Do you know, brother, that several smart showers of this same perfumed liquid were falling in my neighborhood throughout the performance; yes, even during the very choicest passages of the music?

D'Or. I noticed them, and was disgusted beyond measure. In such a hall, too, and before ladies! To think that such an abominable practice should disgrace a whole nation thus!

Pet. It is not a local peculiarity, then?

D'Or. No, indeed! The whole face of this fair land is stained by these pollutions. From

seaboard to seaboard, from Maine to California (so they tell me), it is one incessant shower, from morning till night. Not content with irrigating thus their fields and gardens, they fire away, without remorse, in every temple, theatre, and tribunal of the Union. The very statues of their Conscript Fathers are not safe from their assaults.

Pet. Horrors!

D'Or. On the frontiers, in the absence of the opera, and other more legitimate excitements, we might excuse such things; but here, in the very heart of the metropolis, and the very shrine of the Muses themselves, to be guilty of such indecencies!

Pet. It is, indeed, atrocious. But here we are, brother, at the Astor. What say you to a bit of supper?

D'Or. Agreed. To-morrow, you know, bright and early, we are to carry out the great object of our journey hither.

Pet. We shall be at the Falls before sunrise, I hope.

D'Or. Oh, easily. And then, brother, look out for wonders. Ay, and we shall hear music, too, of the Lord's own composing; an orchestra, to which

even Brother Jullien's might be proud to play second fiddle.

Pet. I should have preferred a visit there in summer, though, I must say.

D'Or. I don't know about that. Some of my artistical brethren tell me that the winter views are altogether the finest. But, by Jove, it's past eleven; let's in to supper. After which, Petronius, I shall not fail to claim the fulfilment of your promise, touching those antique songs.

Pet. Right willingly, Count; and you, in turn, must favor me with an air or two from the Norma.

D'Or. Certainly. The Semiramide is my favorite, however.

Pet. As you please.

D'Or. Bien, allons donc. [*Exeunt.*

GERMANICUS—RIENZI.

[SCENE—COLOSSEUM.]

Ger. Come, brother, let us leave this spot. I am heart-sick at beholding all this desolation, and long to fly back to my own happy star, and peaceful labors.

Rien. Yet a few moments more, Germanicus; at least, till this beautiful sunset hath faded from the sky. Charming, charming! Do you know, brother, that this ruin seems far more vast and majestic to me than it did when I last mused here? These excavations and repairs have restored much of its original grandeur. How sweetly the light plays through these corridors, and gilds the shrubs that fringe these crumbling arches!

Ger. An impressive scene, brother, but a most sad one. I confess, I linger here right unwillingly. Our whole visit, indeed, has been to me most painful; nor would even *your* all-persuading eloquence,

my dear friend, prevail upon me soon to repeat it. Little, little have I seen in living, or in dead Rome, that I can recall with pleasure, either as a citizen, or as an immortal.

Rien. I am sorry to hear you say so.

Ger. And yet I must speak my honest feelings. This very pile is to me so haunted with images of horror that I quite lose all thought of its magnificence; nay, even feel a sense of guilt in loitering here.

Rien. A dreary history, truly!

Ger. A building set apart to wicked uses; conceived in cruelty; reared by wretched captives, amid the jeers of the rabble, and the blows of savage task-masters; inaugurated by the wanton massacre of thousands of men and beasts; its daily experience one of bloodshed and ruffianism!

Rien. Too true, alas!

Ger. When I think of these things, of the innumerable atrocities that have been perpetrated within these walls; of the angry passions that have here been stimulated unto madness; the fiendish shouts that have rung through these corridors; the streams of innocent blood that have flowed here,—ought I *not* to be filled with dread and anguish? Nay, I wonder that one stone hath been left stand-

ing on another; that holy angels have not been sent, long ago, to sweep away this monument of iniquity from the earth. I am indignant that poets should sing the praises of such a ruin, and that artists, as we have seen them to-day, should set it forth on canvas, should make copies of it, forsooth, in precious marbles and mosaics, and that lovely women should wear upon their bosoms such a memento of human guilt and suffering. I feel as if Nature herself ought to recoil in horror from a spot so accursed, instead of illuminating it thus with her precious sunlight, clothing it with these graceful draperies, adorning it with these sweet flowers. Wicked and loathsome things alone should haunt it, baneful weeds alone should spring from its decay.

Rien. You speak feelingly, brother.

Ger. And its present history, what is there in it that mortal or immortal can look upon with pleasure? Nay, to what vile uses does it minister! Of what pitiful and degrading mummeries is it the scene! Look at that cross in yonder arena, and the wretches that are grovelling at its feet. Read the inscription that defaces it: "*For every kiss here imprinted, two hundred days of purgatorial pains are abated.*" What folly and madness!

What an appeal to all that is selfish and abject in humanity! The idea that our Father in heaven will accept the kissing of that dead wood as a substitute for duty done, temptation overcome! Monstrous blasphemy!

Rien. A most shameful perversion, certainly, of Christ's blessed teachings! But, Germanicus, I have been a little surprised, I confess, at the warmth of your language. You, who were born and bred here, habituated from boyhood to the sanguinary spectacles of the amphitheatre; a Roman general, too, who won so many bloody victories,—who brought home so many captive princes; you, the idol of your soldiers, whose shouts of enthusiasm I can even now hear, in fancy, along the slopes of yonder Capitol—

Ger. Ay, and to whom fire and sword were things familiar as his sandal; pardon my interrupting you, brother, but is it possible, you would ask, that this Germanicus hath so completely forgotten all the sentiments and prejudices of his earthly career, that he should talk thus, should be thus sensitive about the shedding of a little human blood, forsooth? But why this surprise, brother? Need I tell you that this glorious change *has* been wrought within me, and that the follies and errors of

earth have long since faded away before the teachings of the life immortal? Need I tell you how worthless my earthly laurels now seem to me, how wicked my conquests, or what tears of anguish I have shed, for every drop of brother's blood that I e'er caused to flow? Need I paint to you the joy I now feel in being the resident of a blessed star, where peace rules, where no voice or hand is ever raised in anger, no image of war defaces the beautiful landscape? But even on earth, brother, I was no wanton lover of cruelty. These bloody sports of the amphitheatre were most loathsome and repulsive to me (I speak not of this place, of course, which was not in existence in my day, though we had an amphitheatre, almost as vast and costly, in the Campus); nor was I present at them but once in my short life, and then a most unwilling spectator. No, Rienzi; like yourself, I was, at heart, far more of the scholar than the soldier; but too happy, when I could snatch a brief hour from the tumults of the camp, for my loved poets. Could I have had my way, I would have spent all my days a student at Athens, or, at least, have found some quiet nook among the Alban hills for myself and dear Agrippina, where I might have mused over the pages of Tully, or read the heavens with Aratus. 'Twas

not so written in the book of Providence, and, as I now know, most wisely. Even as it was, brother, though, I found time for some few literary labors, as you are aware.

Rien. Oh, yes. I have read your translations, my friend, with great interest, and should have dearly loved to have seen your comedies.

Ger. Trifles, trifles! You must pardon this egotism, Rienzi; I should not have said so much, but for my wish to vindicate myself from the imputation of bloodthirstiness.

Rien. On the contrary, brother, it is I who should apologize for a remark so uncalled for, so thoughtless; as if it were possible for a cruel or ungentle thought to have found shelter in the bosom of Germanicus! Ah no, no! your character is quite too well established in the eyes of men and angels for such an accusation to find favor. Your portrait, as painted by the great master of history, hath no such unlovely feature in it. On the contrary, it is all graciousness and sweetness. I do not believe there is a hero of earth more beloved and lamented, this very hour, by the children of men. Never shall I forget the enthusiasm with which, a mere boy, I read the story of your career; the tears I shed over that beautiful dying speech

of yours; the thrill I felt at those songs and shouts of joy, that rang through all Rome's streets, at the mere rumor of your recovery: "*Salva Roma, salva patria, Salvus est Germanicus;*" and in after life, when I used to meditate among these ruins, and plan glorious enterprises for my regenerated country, need I say how conspicuous your image ever was in my visions? Ah, had you lived out your days, brother, who knows what glory would have encircled your name; what happiness might have been in store for this devoted city!

Ger. My dear friend, I am touched to the heart to hear you talk thus. But let us resume our former subject. Candidly now, Rienzi, have you not felt quite as much sorrow and disappointment as I have in this visit to our old home? You have certainly looked sad more than once to-day. Speak out, brother, and freely.

Rien. I will. Let me see; yes, it is just five centuries ago, this very hour, since I was here. How well I remember the evening! My last, brother, on earth! The very next day was I inhumanly, treacherously murdered by that mob that I had vainly endeavored to exalt into a nation. I had been unusually well and cheerful that morning, I remember, and had received the ambassa-

dors from the neighboring cities with a lighter heart and freer speech than I had known for years. They had come expressly to congratulate me on the defeat of the barons, and the deliverance of Rome from the great freebooter of Provence. At the banquet, too, which followed the audience, I was positively joyous. Oh, how charmingly my sweet Nina did the honors on that day! Never before had she seemed so beautiful, so bewitching to me! I dined but sparingly, however, and soon came forth to wander here, and to relieve my mind from the crowd of thoughts that were fast pressing upon me. 'Twas just such another evening as this, brother; the same lovely light in the west, —the same tranquil, desolate picture around us,— the same plaintive music that we now hear from yonder belfry. Long did I pace these corridors, lost in conflicting meditations. Notwithstanding all the difficulties of my position, the jealousy of the cardinals, the bitter hatred of the nobility, and the rebellious disposition of the people, murmuring at a most just and necessary tax, I still saw much to encourage and cheer me; still confided in the glorious cause to which I was pledged, in my own conscious integrity, and persuasive eloquence; still looked forward to the consummation of those re-

forms, over which I had so long been brooding; the organization of a citizen soldiery; the construction of a new parliament, based on a more equitable system of representation; the inflexible administration of justice; the diffusion of equal and wholesome laws; and, above all, of the blessings of education. I need not repeat to you, brother, the innumerable projects, reasonable and chimerical, that occupied my thoughts. You will smile, when I tell you, that among them was the demolition of this very pile itself, and the erection on its ruins of a Free Academy, to which all the youth of Rome and of Italy might resort, and drink of the pure fountains of learning, without money and without price. Yes, Germanicus, I will own it, I still cherished the bright vision of a happy family of republics, and Rome their glorious centre; still looked forward to a long term of faithful service to the State, and a peaceful departure at last, amid the tears and plaudits of my countrymen. Little dreamt I that conspiracy was that very moment aiming at my life, and the arch-conspirator my own most trusted friend; little dreamt I that, ere another sun should set, I should be reviled and trampled on by the very men I

would have died to serve; and the first dagger to reach my heart, that of the vile ingrate, who—

Ger. One moment, brother; let these mortals pass.

Rien. Yes, let us step beneath this archway.

Ger. What a lovely young creature! Such an ingenuous countenance, too! That was evidently her lover that was with her. Did you notice the beautiful cluster of wild flowers that she had?

Rien. I did; gathered, doubtless, from these very ruins.

Ger. And what was it she said with that sweet voice of hers? "*And as soon as we return to New York, Charles, I shall press these violets between the pages of that beautiful Shakspeare you gave me.*"

Rien. You have reported her rightly, brother, I believe.

Ger. Think of that, Rienzi; young lovers from a land whose very existence was undreamed of, even in your day, gathering violets from the very spot where sat the imperial Titus in all his glory! What a text for the preacher is here! Ah, there they go, beneath yon northern portal. Happy things, what to them is this dead town, and all its

memories! But now, my dear friend, resume your discourse, I beg of you.

Rien. Well, I was merely about to answer your question, brother. On returning, then, to my loved Rome, after so long an interval, do I find this bright vision of mine any nearer fulfilment? Do I find much to cheer me as patriot and philanthropist, or, like yourself, do I behold far more to grieve and vex my spirit? I must honestly say, the latter. Not that I would be blind to the improvements here. Nay, this very spot hath lost something of its dreariness. As I said before, these excavations and restorations have revived somewhat of its original grandeur. Yon villa, too, that crowns the Palatine, the gardens and churches that dot the other hills around us, soften somewhat the sense of desolation. Above all, that magnificent dome, outlined on yonder glowing sky, and the treasures of art that are sheltered beneath it, these are things, brother, not to be passed by in ungrateful silence. Yes, Germanicus, there *have* been mighty deeds done here in Art and Letters, since my little day on earth; the glorious cause of learning, to which my beloved Petrarch gave such an impulse, has been crowned with precious triumphs; triumphs that we have this day witnessed

in stately libraries, and in the master-pieces that adorn all the palaces and churches of the metropolis. But, alas! the genius that animated these mighty masters seems to have quite abandoned their descendants; and of the great works of the present generation that we have admired, are not nearly all the productions of strangers among us?

Ger. Too true, brother.

Rien. There are other improvements, too, not to be gainsayed. I find better built and quieter streets; roads comparatively purged of brigands; the comforts of life somewhat more diffused; some useful and beautiful inventions, the benefits of which are within the reach of all. Nor have my ears been assailed by those cries of midnight violence, those terrible street-feuds, that disgraced Rome in my time. The hand of charity, too, has not been idle; though, alas, the subjects of her ministrations are as numerous as ever! Oh, how pained I have been, brother, to behold such multitudes of beggars as have annoyed us at every turn and corner; the halt, the maimed, the blind, the leprous, haunting every ruin, disfiguring every palace! Nay, one can hardly say one's prayers in church for the importunities of these creatures.

Ger. A piteous spectacle. Do you know,

Rienzi, that I have seen far more of these poor wretches to-day than in all my earthly experience before?

Rien. No doubt, no doubt. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that the charitable institutions here are far more grand and costly, the modes of treatment far more wise and beneficial, than we could boast of. But, admitting all these things, how much substantial cause for sorrow remains! Yes, in all the essentials of true national greatness, has not poor Rome as much to seek to-day, as when I vainly sought to do her service? Look at her government—bankrupt alike in means and character; dependent for the very breath it draws on the will of a foreign banker, and the bayonets of foreign soldiers; at her priesthood, powerless for all good ends, yet as arrogant and intolerant at heart as if they still dictated terms to the sovereigns of earth; holding fast to every old abuse and mummery,—setting their faces against all true progress; their high priest, what a sorrowful figure does he present! Meanly recoiling from his own better nature, disavowing his own reforms, and preferring the protection of strangers to the love of his countrymen; and now (unless rumor sadly belies him) quenching in the wine-cup

every latent aspiration of his heart; fast sinking into the imbecile's grave, and to be remembered only as one of the least worthy of his line. And the people; the poor, priest-ridden, tax-devoured people, what voice have they in the public counsels? Where are the laws that should set forth their rights, the champions that should maintain them? Nay, have you not seen yourself, Germanicus, that it is treason to speak aloud my name in the streets of Rome? Every expression of a sentiment for freedom, every suggestion of a measure for the relief of the masses, may it not, at any moment, consign the unfortunate man who utters it to the dungeons of St. Angelo? So absolute is the reign of terror here, so universal the practice of espionage! What remains, then, but a servile acquiescence in a system which every man at heart hates and despises; a system which, with all its show of sanctity, its long robes and faces that it wears for state occasions, every one feels to be false, and rotten to the core. Need I dwell on these points, brother? Do not the crumbling towns, the neglected fields, the deserted sea-ports, the sad countenances that we see every where, the crowds of beggars that swarm in every piazza, line every highway, tell the mournful tale, far bet-

ter than I can? Worst, saddest of all, the very peace of the State (if we may call such death-like torpor peace) secured by foreign soldiers.

Ger. Ay, brother, nothing that I have witnessed has so galled me as this; so revived earthly passions and prejudices within me; to see the walls of Rome, the omnipotent Rome, guarded by the troops of those very barbarians whom I thought scarce worthy of my sword; to be sent to conquer whom, seemed little better than honorable banishment.

Rien. Even so; Rome is protected from extinction, this very hour, only by the jealousy of rival powers.

Ger. And the countrymen of Brutus and of Rienzi tamely submit to these things!

Rien. True, true; our very names, as I said before, may not be spoken aloud in these streets.

Ger. But have there been no efforts made for freedom since your day, brother?

Rien. Only one, Germanicus, that history will ever speak of; and that a recent one. But, alas! the triumph was even more short-lived, the disaster and defeat more speedy and terrible, than were my own. True, it hath not fared so hardly with the leader. *He* has not been murdered by his un-

grateful followers, nor, thank heaven, hath he fallen into the clutches of the oppressor. He still lives, full of faith and heart, and inspired, they tell me, by visions, bright as ever gilded my path; but of his companions, many are, even now, languishing in the dungeons of yonder fortress, and will, I fear, never again behold the light of day. Others, in their despair, have turned their backs on Rome for ever, and are enjoying in far-off lands the rights no longer recognized here.

Ger. And must it ever be thus? See you no specks of hope, brother, in the horizon? No indications of a restoration of our national character and prosperity? Are there, indeed, no more golden days in store for Rome? Are these hills around us ever to remain thus silent and neglected? Not that I would revive, brother, those horrible creations, whose wrecks we are now gazing on. Heaven forbid! Ah no! no more Golden Houses, polluted by the orgies of fiends; no more colossal Piles, dedicated, like this, to bloodshed; or Arches, that tell of cruel and exterminating wars; or Baths, where men may dream away their lives in sloth and luxury: but are there to be no stately mansions again reared upon them, the abodes of virtuous freemen; no piles dedicated to Art, and

Science, and Charity, and to a pure and simple Faith, purged of all monstrous legends, and gaudy pageantries? Is this forum at our feet never again to be frequented by free and loyal citizens? Is the voice of a Cato or a Tully never more to be raised here in behalf of truth and justice? These fields, are they always to remain thus desolate, or will they not smile again beneath an intelligent culture? Yon campagna, will it not again be crossed by stately roads, dotted with villas, and orchards, and gardens? And those old hills that enclose it, so dear to tradition, will not their pure air again be breathed by the free? Will not the shouts of happy boyhood be once more heard among them? Will not their pleasant groves and murmuring rills once more, as of old, invite and soothe the meditations of genius and of patriotism? How say you, brother? Or is this sad scene to remain thus ever, grieving the heart of the citizen, sounding its solemn warning to the stranger, through all time?

Rien. Who shall say, Germanicus? Who shall presume to read God's book of providence? It may be, that the fair picture you have painted, is yet to be realized here. It may be, that a city is yet to rise from these ruins, more lovely and

stately than earth has ever borne, and crowned with all those blessings, which mortals now understand by the word Liberty; free speech, an unfettered press, a fair distribution of rights and duties, a various, well-requited industry, an universally diffused education, with all the inventions, comforts, benefits, that follow in their train. It *may* be, that they are to remain thus, reading, as you say, their sad lesson to humanity, till not one stone survives, not one trace of human hands can be identified here. *One* thing, brother, is certain. There can be no rapid redemption of Rome from this rule of tyranny and ignorance, no sudden transformation of this populace into a people. There was my great error, Germanicus, when in the body; the enthusiast's dream, for which I laid down my life; the idea, that in a few short months, or years, I could turn a mob into a nation; could reap those precious fruits of freedom, which it costs centuries of toil and tribulation to ripen. Had I been fifty fold wiser and better than I was, still this fancied mission of mine could not have been, cannot yet be fulfilled. This is the true moral of my career, brother, admirably set forth as it is, in that charming book I was showing you yesterday.

Ger. What, by the great novelist of Britain?

Rien. The same; a most brilliant, but quite too flattering picture of my character and talents.

Ger. I was much struck with it; nor shall I readily forget, brother, the air of fright and mystery, with which the poor little bookseller handed you the volume, or the solemn promise of secresy as to the transaction, which he exacted from the ghostly borrower. But do you remember the passage you refer to?

Rien. I think I can recall a part of it; 'tis the very last in the book. "The moral of the tribune's life, and of this fiction, is not the stale and unprofitable moral that warns the ambition of an individual; more vast, more solemn, and more useful, it addresses itself to nations. It proclaims, that to be great and free, a people must not trust to individuals, but themselves; that there is no sudden leap from servitude to liberty; that it is to institutions, not to men, that they must look for reforms that last beyond the hour; that their own passions are the real despots they should subdue, their own reason the true regenerator of abuses. With a calm and noble people, the individual ambition of a citizen can never effect evil; to be impatient of chains is not to be worthy of freedom; to massacre a magistrate is not to ameliorate the

laws." There is still another sentence, I believe, but it has escaped me.

Ger. Truly, nobly stated. Oh, when will the nations of the earth learn and apply these lessons? But come, brother, the mists are rising round us, and the light is fast fading from the sky. Darkness will soon o'ertake us. Come, let us leave this desolate scene, these merciless walls, to spirits more congenial to them; to those who, living, presided over, exulted in their horrors. Here, indeed, might fitly muse and wander the blood-stained Domitian, the brutal Commodus, the aye-frowning Caracalla; but 'tis no place for gentle souls like ours. Away, away! Even as I speak, my own dear star springs into sight, and seems to bid me welcome. Come, brother, you know your promise. You were to spend some happy days with me, in my new abode. I long to show you the dear society around me, and the pleasant toils, and profitable studies that employ my hours. You mean to keep your word, surely.

Rien. I do, indeed, and I anticipate great delight from my visit. You were also to read me some of your recent poetry, you know.

Ger. No great inducement, that; still, you will find it some improvement on my earthly verses.

Rien. And then, Germanicus, I am to show you, in return, my own new home in the heavens. You will see some things there, I am sure, that will both delight and surprise you.

Ger. No doubt, no doubt ; but ah, what strains are those ?

Rien. 'Tis only our holy brethren of San Gregorio, chanting their vespers on the Cœlian.

Ger. A pleasant sound, truly. But come, brother, to wing, to wing.

Rien. Lead on, brother, I follow you.

[*Exeunt.*

THE END.

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